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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Will the Progressive Party Survive?

By PETER CLARK
MACFARLANE



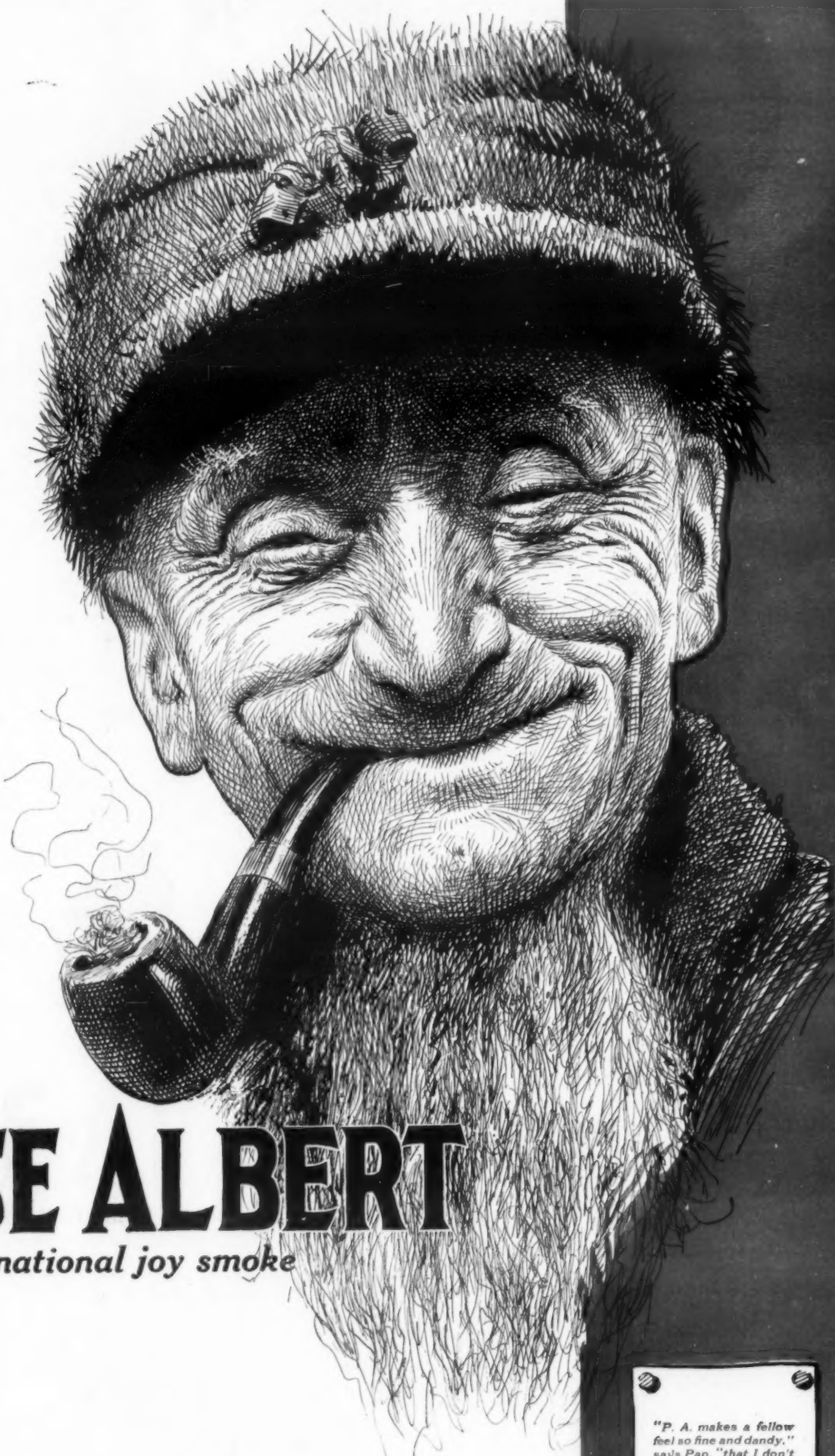
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"That's wise smoking, that P. A. You hit her up any speed, from a full load to a sweet heel, and she is there good and true, like a high top thoroughbred."

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A new lightness—2,980 pounds. A new-type motor which immensely lowers operative cost. A new-style body of the most distinguished type. A new price—\$1,750—for a high-grade Six.

THE HUDSON engineers, headed by Howard E. Coffin, this year bring out a sensational Six. A Six which legions of motorists have long been waiting for.

This car—the new HUDSON Six-40—weighs only 2,980 pounds, certified railroad weight.

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The Sixes started in the high-price field, because they were heavy and costly, and they consumed extra fuel. We have seen them gradually come down, until they captured the whole field above \$2,100.

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Now men who want these things—modest price and weight and operative cost—will find them all in this HUDSON Six-40. They will find this Six-40 excelling on these points any other type of car.

New Ideals in Beauty

With this new economy, this Six-40 combines new ideals in beauty. It

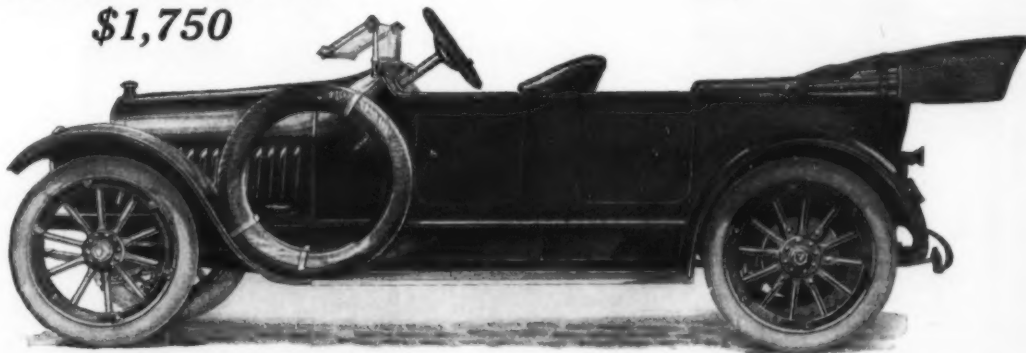
has a stream-line body of the most distinguished type. These flowing lines which wipe out the dash angle mark the accepted European vogue. And European vogue in bodies is always followed here.

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Electric horn—license carriers—tire holders—trunk rack—tools.
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(113)

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Athletes, doctors, thousands of prominent men of all kinds tell us this; and they know what they are talking about.

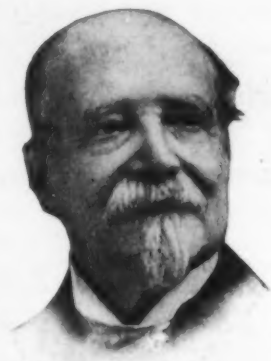


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Walter Johnson, famous Pitcher of the Washington American team, says:

"Tuxedo is the one tobacco that contains every desired element. It is the best tobacco I have ever smoked."

Walter Johnson



H. G. GIBSON

H. G. Gibson, Brigadier General, U.S.A., says:

"I take pleasure in recommending your Tuxedo Tobacco. It's the best tobacco I have ever smoked."

H. G. Gibson

Tuxedo

The Perfect Pipe Tobacco

is made *just exactly right* for the man who wants a *soothing* smoke. It is *mild* and wholly *beneficial*. A product of the gentle, mellow, sweet-smoking Old Kentucky Burley leaf.

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HON. EDWARD GILMORE

Hon. Edward Gilmore, Congressman from the State of Massachusetts, says:

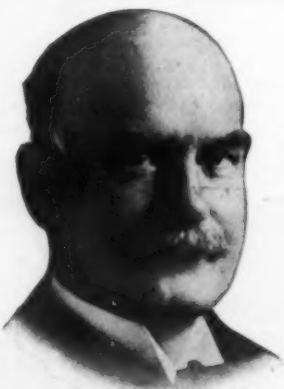
"I always considered tobacco was more or less irritating to the throat until I started smoking Tuxedo. This pure tobacco is so mild that it has a noticeably soothing effect upon my throat."

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"It gives me pleasure to testify to the good qualities of your Tuxedo Tobacco. I have tried many brands of tobaccos, but Tuxedo is the best."

R. S. Ryan

Collier's

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MARK SULLIVAN, EDITOR

JANUARY 24, 1914

Will the Progressive Party Survive?

By Peter Clark Macfarlane

ILLUSTRATED BY
F. G. COOPER

YES—judging by the anxiety writ so large upon the faces of Republican leadership. One hears of conferences and camp fires, of consultations and mass meetings, of readjustments and reorganizations and reorientations; of the ousting of leaders, of the retirement of issues, of the resuscitation of principles, of the knocking to pieces of platforms, of the burning up of old planks, of the hewing of new ones; of changing the rules, of altering representation, of shifting the line-up, of doing anything and everything that may enable the party to recover something which it confesses itself to have lost.

A Very Lively Possibility

STUCK around in various nooks and corners of the news, hidden under tons of verbiage, and concealed among miles and miles of type, are incidents described with much circumlocution and delicacy of phrasing, which, baldly interpreted, shout loudly of stiff necks bowed down, of proud ears bent low, of haughty hearts grown humble, and even of Lucullan lords preparing, with such gusto as they may, to feed themselves full at banquet tables where the entire menu from soup to sassafras consists in one form or another of that fine old American political game bird, the crow.

That, to the eye of the astute political observer, the Progressive party appears as a very lively possibility is advertised in many ways.

It will be remembered that early in December the Republicans of New York State held what they were pleased to call a mass meeting at the Waldorf-Astoria. The meeting, which was said to have been "remarkably representative," distinguished itself by swallowing whole as many planks from the Progressive platform as could be gorged conveniently at one time.

The New York "Evening Post," commenting upon this meeting, began one sentence thus: *That this action was in a large measure caused by pressure arising from the existence of the Progressive party need not be denied.* . . .

The Republican Fear of "Shuffling off First"

THE New York "World," referring to this same matter, and especially to the attitude of Senator Root, which was in such marked contrast to his position at another meeting of comparatively recent history, declared: *He knows that the Republican party was split because its leadership had failed to keep in sympathy with the masses.* . . .

Masses, in this connection, of course, could have no other meaning than a certain 4,280,886 particular persons who voted for Theodore Roosevelt for President of the United States last November a year.

Upon such a showing alone it is easy enough to conclude that it is the judgment of a body of men who from time to time give evidence of supposing themselves to be the most astute body of politicians in

diagnosticians they shine best at a post mortem.

There are, of course, all sorts of opinions afloat regarding the future of the Progressive party. Some of

these predict an early loss of its identity. Most of such opinions proceed from Washington, where they have had the Republican party with them so long that it seems difficult to believe that it and the political universe are not coterminous. Yet quite obviously all that Washington can have on this subject is second-hand information.

Quite obviously, too, much of the opinion begotten there is fathered by hope which, as in the past, may prove itself ill-starred.

What I have sought to gather, therefore, is a collection of grass-root opinions. These were picked up in the course of some 25,000 miles of travel, during which the continent was two times crossed in each direction, while twice the writer vibrated from the Mexican border to the top of the map, and once sloshed over into Canada.

They are garnered from men of all parties and many classes—workingmen, professional men, business men. A few of them are the views of Conservatives and Liberals in Calgary, Winnipeg, and Toronto—observers whose keen scrutiny of the trends and times in "the States" insures that their shrewd ex-parte opinions will be as instructive as they are interesting.

Progressive Party Has Concrete Existence

MY FIRST discovery was of the concrete existence of the party itself. The whole thing had been so recent, the movement so sudden, the incidents of the campaign so surcharged with the dramatic and the emotional, that it was almost natural to suppose that a few months after the election reaction would set in—that the men and women who voted for Roosevelt should think of themselves as a flying wedge of protest, and once the protest was over and the lesson administered, they would settle back into the Republican ranks, confident that their wishes were to be regarded in the future. This was an almost natural inference and undoubtedly explains the forwardness of the present Republican party, whatever its extent, to say, and in a measure believe, that the new party is trickling back into the old.

But this is quite clearly an expectation not justified. Everywhere I talked to the rank and file of the new organization it was absolutely astonishing to see how clear, in the line of their thinking, is the demarcation between the Republican party and the Progressive party. They are not to be regarded as Republican insurgents or Republican protestants. No doubt there were such. No doubt some of these did drift back after the election and mentally ally themselves with the Republican party. But there is no means of knowing how many there were. And the significant thing

The REPUBLICANS, hoping for HARD TIMES and DISTRESS, seem to have adopted the TURKEY BUZZARD as their symbol instead of the ELEPHANT

America that the Progressive party, if dying, as they so loudly and so frequently proclaim, is passing away so slowly that a certain other party is in imminent danger of shuffling off first.

Even the Democrats confess to feeling this pressure. When, a few weeks ago, the New York Legislature was meekly hurrying into the statute books almost the identical direct primary law which in the spring months it had haughtily rejected, and in the course of the debate a Republican Senator had taunted a Tammany Senator with his change of front, the Tammany one blurted out in reply: *The Bull Moosers are the real cause of the action we are about to take on this bill.*

A Collection of Grass-Root Opinions

HOWEVER, the question which this article proposes is quite too large a one—quite too important—to be decided offhand according to the behavior of a body of politicians who, no matter how bright they appear to themselves to be, have given proof that as





is that I do not remember meeting personally in any one of the hundreds of conversations anywhere one who had voted for the Progressive ticket and who announced that he was returning to the Republican party, and I did meet by the hundreds men and women who declared themselves to be permanent adherents of the Progressive party. To them the Progressive party did not exist as a party of protest but as a party of advance. In joining it they had declared allegiance to something very new but very tangible and very vital—to espouse which had been for them to enter upon a new way of political life from which they could not turn back without betraying at once themselves and their times.

A Gathering Element of Tremendous Force

THE next thing observed was a sense of homogeneity, a feeling of at-homeness with each other, a solidarity, a singularly adhesive group-consciousness which had developed among them with astonishing rapidity. They flocked together easily. They worked together instinctively at the call, not so much of any leader as of any issue that offered opportunity for the application or advancement of any principle of Progressive doctrine.

When there was no occasion to call them together I frequently found it the habit of the Progressives of a community to meet, on principle, at a weekly or a monthly luncheon or dinner. The object of these meetings was not to discuss details of party management, not to divide the spoil, not to determine upon policies that might be popular, but for intelligent conference upon and discussion of pending legislative measures or of questions or principles of government. Incidentally, too, the meetings were apparently for fellowship, not so much social as moral and intellectual. Nor were these hymn-singing meetings. There was no evidence of gush, no trace of fanaticism. They were conferences of earnest persons seeking light upon a set of political problems which it is felt this age must solve.

The effect of all this intelligent concentration of thought, not during the fever of a campaign, but in the quiet months of the year, seemed to me to bespeak a gathering element of tremendous force in the voting season. To observe such a meeting in a California city, for instance, where the Progressives are in control—to see Senators and Assemblymen, judges from the bench, and public commissioners of various sorts mingling freely with their constituents, all with open mind and attentive ear—without guff or buncombe or shouting of shibboleths, addressing themselves seriously to the broadest, the most scientific, the most patriotic consideration of questions of government, was to rout pessimism from the heart and to revive a joyous faith in popular government.

A Long Faith and a Stubborn

IN FACT, that is one of the most definite, forcible impressions made by these Progressive gatherings.

Their greatest faith after all is not in principles, and not in programs, but in people, in the ultimate ability of the popular mind to solve the popular problems.

Their determination is, above all else, to so reconstruct party machinery and methods of making and interpreting and enforcing laws that the government may really be a government by the people.

And theirs, I should say, is generally a long faith and not a short one; that is, they are not so much concerned that they shall win the next election as that they shall stand for their principle till it triumphs. This is a state of mind which persons who talk glibly of consolidating the two parties fail, I believe, to take into account. There is a kind of stubbornness manifested by these people. They are weary of being hoodwinked. Some of them are by no means hopeful of immediate victory. For this reason they are not going to be easily caught by any hook baited with compromise, by any argument for the sacrifice of principle in order to gain victory. They feel that too

many empty victories have been won already. They would just as soon be on the losing side for a while till the opportunity to score a victory that is real comes to them.

Indeed, that sentiment is rather widespread to-day in the mind of the man at the bottom, regardless of his party affiliations. He is just about through with being pulled around by the nose. His attitude toward the turn of events is one of watchful waiting. He has not made up his mind yet, but he is thinking—thinking—thinking—and while he waits with a patience so sublime that it may be misunderstood—he sits flexing the muscles of the mighty arm of his wrath.

Certainly in the Progressive party there is a big element which is going where it is going. If anybody else comes along, all right; if not, still all right.

That situation was rather clearly exemplified in the recent Congressional election in Maine. This was Blaine's old district. After him it was Reed's. It was one of the most perfectly organized districts anywhere in the Republican machine, and was campaigned by distinguished Republicans of national fame and unquestioned Progressive leanings. House-to-house visitations were made upon the Progressives, in which the argument was freely employed that Roosevelt would be the nominee of the Republican party in 1916.

There's a Party Backbone and it Works

THE Progressives themselves were not in shape to make a very vigorous campaign, and yet, in spite of the best efforts of the Republicans, 6,000 of these men went to the polls and cast Progressive ballots.

A similar situation was revealed in the Michigan election last spring, which was for a few State officers, not including the Governorship. It is an initial principle of American political experience that a State or national ticket to bring out anything like the real voting strength of the party must be backed by a full ticket right down the line—county, city, and township.

In this election it is estimated that there was not one Progressive township ticket in twenty-five, not one county ticket in fifteen, not one city ticket in twenty, and yet with nothing whatever to lead them to the polls save the desire to record their allegiance to the few State candidates of the party which they had so recently espoused, more than one hundred thousand men cast Progressive ballots.

It is from this feature, present in all elections held since the Presidential campaign of 1912, that the Progressives have drawn so much of comfort and inspiration, notwithstanding the fact that many times their vote has fallen below the Presidential vote of 1912. It all shows that, despite the still unorganized conditions, the vertebrae of a party backbone are there and articulating themselves by instinct.

One of the most astonishing things to me about the movement as I traveled was the confidence everywhere displayed by its leaders. Surely these men had been in the movement long enough to shed all illusions of temporary zeal. The Presidential vote of 1912 was millions under what they had hoped for. Almost every election since has had in it some seeds of disappointment as well as grounds of hope. Yet here was this enthusiastic faith in the future, topping all discomfitures and continually proving itself genuine by a corresponding boldness of action.

Sawing Off Republican Attachments

IN CALIFORNIA, where, under the name of Republicans, the Progressives have been in absolute control for three years, they are deliberately abandoning the Republican insignia, and Governor Johnson will make his campaign for reelection under the Progressive name, with probably a Republican and a Democratic candidate opposed to him.

In Kansas the Progressives have carefully sawed off the limb between themselves and the Republican tree. In South Dakota the same process is under way.

In many places, indeed, Republican attachments are being got rid of hastily as of something doubtful, not to say odious, and from Johnson on one coast to Bird upon the other, Progressive leaders wear a smirk of confidence that is in revealing contrast to the gloom which sits upon the Republican brow. The foundation of this confidence appears to be in part faith in the Progressive issues and in part definite knowledge of a steady subsurface drift to the Progressive party.

No More Political Voodooism

I ASKED Progressive Congressman Roy C. Woodruff of the Tenth Michigan District to give me some instances illustrative of this subsurface movement which all the party workers declare to be now going on. "Well," he answered without a moment's hesitation, "here are some in my district: In Iosco County the Probate Judge elected on the Republican ticket is now the chairman of the Progressive County Committee; in Alcona County the chairman of the Board of Supervisors, elected on the Republican ticket, is now the Progressive county chairman; in Oceana County the chairman and secretary of the Republican Committee have resigned to go into the Progressive party; in Lake County, only last September the entire Republican Committee resigned to come over to the Progressive party."

"And that," he added, "I believe from what I hear in Washington, is only typical of a vast subsurface movement that is on all over the country."

It reminded me of something I heard in Kansas, an event of last summer, but likewise significant. Will Allen White had been the chairman of the Republican State Central Committee and National Committeeman from that State. When he resigned to enter the Progressive party, a new chairman was chosen to succeed him. When the Republican State Committee met to consider some program of harmonizing the two parties, the first business it had to consider was a letter from this new chairman announcing his resignation because he was that day entering the Progressive party.

But we may ourselves apply an independent test by examining the popular attitude toward those issues with which the Progressive party is especially identified.

Open-eyed self-examination; abandonment of fetish worship and political voodooism; solutions of to-day for problems of to-day; an "awakened sense of justice"; intelligent social sympathy, not socialism and not individualism gone mad; the perception of a human vein from top to bottom of industry and of society; a frank recognition that every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost is not the highest refinement of justice of which this age is capable, nor with which it will be content—this was the spirit breathed by the Progressive platform. He would be a pessimistic man indeed who did not find this spirit an expanding one in the United States at the present time.

If we turn from a contemplation of the spirit of this platform to its distinctive and practical measures—something entirely different—we can form conclusions less general and more satisfactory.

Live Progressive Doctrines

TAKE the tariff. Let no one hastily conclude that the tariff question was settled or forced out of politics with the passage of the Underwood bill. It was not. (More's the pity.) The feeling is strong in some parts of the country that this was a very sectional settlement of the question, unjust because unequal, and temporary in proportion as these inequalities become apparent. Farmers complain that the tariff came off from all they sell and stayed on for all they buy. Manufacturers grumble. Workingmen cease to be employed. And yet the country will have none of high tariff, and the voters generally weary of the subject as a political issue. But even the dissatisfied ones turn with hope to the tariff plank of the Progressive platform, which promised a definite downward revision, but proposed that it should be done scientifically as a piece of commercial expediency and not haphazard as to the galleries by political sharps.

If we consider the trusts—it was here that the



Progressive platform was most distinctive and most in advance, recognizing that big business, while not necessarily bad business, was potentially dangerous business. Just as the factory operative must have about him guards, controls, and safety appliances to protect him from the misdirected power of his own machine, so government must provide the checks, balances, controls, and safety appliances which shall insure that these new and mightier instruments of human progress shall keep place as servants of society and not its masters, as the helpers of mankind and not the despoilers thereof.

Closer and Closer to the People's Favor

TO THIS end the Progressive platform advocated in a modified form the La Follette idea of a huge industrial commission, which should have immense powers and rule the world of business as the Interstate Commerce Commission now rules the world of transportation.

Judging from the news, this plan gains adherents every day. The hint even comes from Washington that some such proposal may blow up on the next breeze from the White House, and this notwithstanding certain speeches made by a certain gentleman during a certain campaign.

Or turn to the whole subject of a closer hold of the people upon the reins of government, direct elections, direct primaries, short ballots, more carefully supervised elections. Are not these the concessions which are everywhere being wrung from the weakening hands of the bosses? The initiative, the referendum, and the recall—does not each year bring a widening recognition of these as legitimate and necessary instruments of self-government in an enlightened democracy? Each day we hear of their employment, and he sees but ill who does not perceive within the zones of government where they exist, or where their mere proposal commands much adherence, both a better class of official service and a more alert and conscientious electorate because of the greater sense of responsibility that comes with recognition of a growing nearness to the throne of power.

Take what seemed perhaps the rashest of Progressive planks—equal suffrage. Are there any to argue that the cause of equal suffrage is a less popular issue to-day than it was eighteen months ago? Within the past year equal suffrage has had the serious consideration of twenty-eight Legislatures. Illinois has granted it with a few limitations. Alaska has granted it. The Legislatures of nine States, two of them the most populous in the Union, have acted favorably upon proposals for suffrage amendments to the Constitution. Yes, without a doubt the day of our sister in the voting booth is rapidly approaching, and the Progressive party alone of the major national organizations holds out a hand to welcome her and advocates her cause.

For our last look we may contemplate that whole program of human conservation which concerns itself with working conditions, wage conditions, safety, sanitation, compensation, etc., and generally manifests intelligent and sympathetic consideration for the human element in industry, all of which is more fully and systematically embraced in the Progressive platform than elsewhere. Is not this a waxing issue? Are not the very hours instinct with a passionate determination to protect and conserve the health, prosperity, and happiness of our men and women who work?

The Strength of Its Strategic Position

SURELY, if these issues were good enough to command the allegiance of several million voters in 1912, when all were obscured by a mephitic cloud of personalities, they should win a much larger support in 1916, when for four years every tick of the clock has been a beat of the drum for one plank or another of the Progressive platform.

And now it remains but to view the up-to-now achievements of the Progressive party and judge of the strength of its strategic position, and we shall have facts enough upon which to base a reasonably satisfactory answer to our topical interrogatory.

We come first, of course, upon the familiar facts of the Progressive party's history: that it cast four and one-quarter million votes at the last Presidential election; that it has twenty Representatives in Congress; that it is in absolute control of the governmental machinery of two States, California and South Dakota; that it is in favorable position to gain control in certain other States; that in New York State it has twenty Assemblymen, while seven Republican Assemblymen were elected with Progressive indorsement, and twelve Democrats, making thirty-nine votes that may be counted upon to take the right side of any progres-

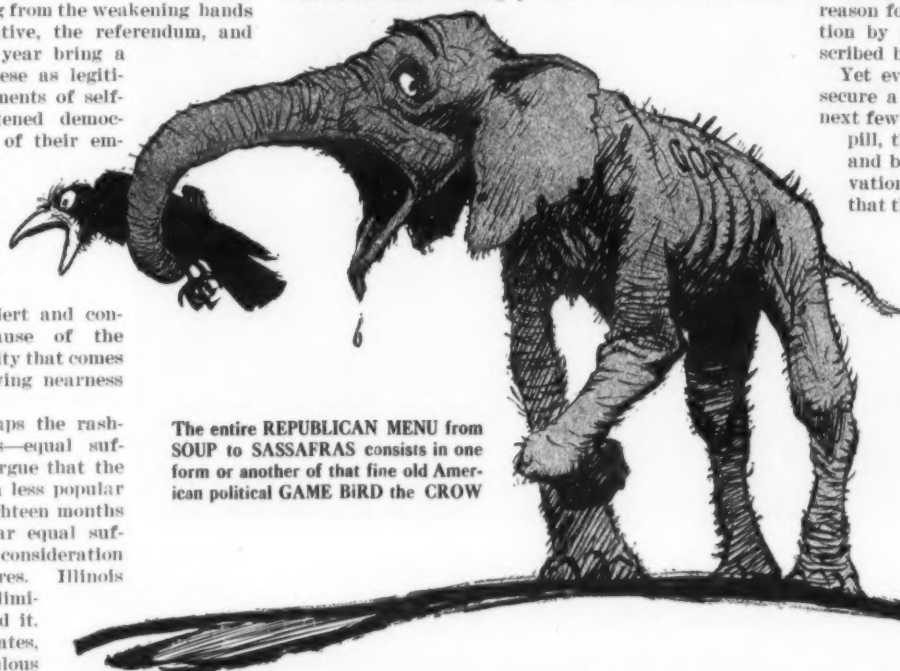
sive legislation; and that in practically every Northern and Western State there is a smaller or larger group of Progressive legislators never missing an opportunity to advertise the Progressive position and solution on whatever piece of legislation is in the public eye.

Into the Solid South

IN 1912 the party had 182 Congressional candidates in districts outside the South, but with no precinct organization whatever behind them except in two or three States; and yet twenty of these candidates got into Congress. In 1914 there will be a Progressive candidate in each of the 293 districts outside of the South, and usually there will be an effective organization clear down to the precinct behind these candidates. There are 142 Congressional districts in the South, and here, too, wherever conditions warrant, organization is going on and Congressional candidates will be in the field. Even now expectations of surprising reversals of form in these supposedly hopelessly Democratic sections are being excited among those who are in closest touch with conditions on the field.

In 1916 it is the expectation of the party leaders to have a national organization absolutely complete down to the last precinct, and to have a Congressional candidate in every district in the United States, supported by a full local ticket in all where there is the slightest prospect of success.

Concluding our broad survey, we are forced to the conviction that nothing political seems more certain



The entire REPUBLICAN MENU from SOUP to SASSAFRAS consists in one form or another of that fine old American political GAME BIRD the CROW

just now than that the Progressive party will survive. About all that remains for consideration are the continued proposals of the Republican party to the Progressive party that the latter kindly cease to exist. The Progressive leaders have emphatically declined these proposals. The only question, therefore, is whether the Republican party can devise a platform and set up a candidate that will lure the Progressive rank and file out from under their leaders. In other words, the problem before the Republican managers is this: Having themselves touched the match to the powder magazine, can they undo the explosion?

Truly, their case is desperate enough.

Seventeen Republican United States Senators will come up for election in 1914. Every Republican Representative must face his constituents at the same time. Judging from elections held since 1912, about one Republican in four or five may hope to be returned. This is almost equivalent to annihilation. No wonder the Republican leaders bestir themselves. Many, and often silly, are the proposals advanced. Recent utterances and deliberations and determinations, however, seem to make clear that the Republican leadership has not yet even sensed the temper of the popular mind upon the political issues of the day.

Now Consider Theodore Roosevelt

THEY read love's shining letter in the rainbow of the ballots and see themselves nominated for the rear, and that is about all. Their highest statesmanship is not even a convention of the party which will enable the membership to express itself, but instead a few dark-room conferences and a few grudging concessions. Present indications are that the party strategy will be to drift and harry the Administration flanks. In various States they will try out the popular sentiment by adopting one and another of the Progressive issues, testing at the same time the sentiment of the most conservative of their own party. Their problem is, find how much progressivism will be necessary to woo back the Progressives, and, second, how much progressivism they can incorporate without alienating their own ultraconservative elements.

Many of the Progressive issues when looked at

coolly and fairly by Republicans generally are not so objectionable as once they seemed, nor does Theodore Roosevelt, viewed in the perspective of a South American jungle, appear so objectionable as once he appeared. This last is very noticeable in the Middle West, where there is a distinct drift to Roosevelt on the part of financial and corporate interests that were bitter against him. Part of this is because with calmer thinking comes a better judgment; part is because of the vague, unreasoning remembrance that when Roosevelt was President were the most prosperous years the country has ever known, and part is due to the fact that, as between the growing absolutism of Woodrow Wilson in the White House and the big-stick methods of Roosevelt, they prefer the latter rather because they think they know his worst, while they have by no means made up their minds what this cool person at present sitting on the throne of power might not do if he only get a conscience upon the subject. I do not know that this disposition is complimentary to the Colonel, and I do not know that it is uncomplimentary to the President, but I do know it is a fact.

Behind the Curtain of 1916

BUT while there is talk that the Republican party will nominate Roosevelt in 1916, it may be taken for granted that the present party managers will not sponsor such a thing if they can possibly help themselves, and to guard against having such a contingency forced upon them from below may be one reason for the announced decision to limit the nomination by primary to those States in which it is prescribed by law.

Yet even supposing that in order to save face and secure a hanging-on place in the Government for the next few years they were willing to swallow this bitter pill, they might about as well join the Progressives and be done with it, aside from the possible preservation of the party name, for it must be remembered that the Progressive platform of 1912 was almost the personal platform of Theodore Roosevelt. As he made it emphatically clear that he would not accept a nomination from the Progressive party if it did not indorse his personal platform, it must be clear that he could not do otherwise than demand the same platform from the Republican party. Query—then, if the Republican party accepted the Progressive platform entire, would not so much of its Tory blood refuse to indorse it that Progressives and Republicans combined would be too few to carry an election; and since the sole object of the Republicans is to win the election, if they cannot win by taking Roosevelt and his platform, why take Roosevelt at all?

What I seem to see an excellent chance of, at this distance from 1916, is the Republican leadership—blind, timid, self-deceived, with a patched-up platform and a patched-up candidate—parading once more before the American people, flaunting issues that once had life but now have none, going through the forms of a campaign shouting the old shibboleths, parading the old ghosts, giving a final and convincing demonstration that this great history maker is itself no more proof against corroding time than other parties have been.

Its vote will be smaller than in 1912, but, nevertheless considerable, the final tribute which old men pay to a relic, as to the sword they have carried or the uniform they have worn.

But the Republican party as a party will face the hour of its final dissolution.

It has had great issues—and they were the very greatest! It solved them with high courage, with patriotism, with statesmanship, with honor to the nation and blessing to mankind. But because it has done the old job it cannot do the new. This is in the very philosophy of life. Its organization crystallized round the deeds of its day. That day and its deeds are both gone. New issues have arisen, and the party has no new solutions. It does not even know that they are new issues. It cannot pull the load. It is a hunter that has refused the leap. It is an instrument which no longer lends itself to use. It goes the way of all flesh and of all parties.

Honor to its glorious past. Honor to its brilliant names. Reverence for its mighty martyrs!—of whom almost there had been another. Respect for its local adherents—where they are men whom we can respect—but for its remains, a wreath and a mausoleum! Its blades are battered; its arteries hardened; its blood is water. Its day is done.

As to the Progressive organization, if its present attitude toward the man continues, there is no power but Roosevelt himself, which can prevent him from being the Presidential nominee of that party. Whether a victory for the Progressives is possible in 1916 must depend upon how large a following marches with the funeral cortege, and upon the success before the people of the Administration of Woodrow Wilson, concerning which it is entirely too early to predicate, since there are yet more than three years of Democratic waters to babble under the bridge.

Shorty's Victorious Maneuvers

STONE on leave in Ashland, Ky., received the following from a Maneuver Camp:

Mt. GRENA, PA., July 12.

DEAR STONE—The fare from Ashland to Gretna is \$9.62—now if I had that amount would send it to you with an invitation to visit us but being Whitehall I haven't even the 62. But if you can stand the strain would be glad to see you out here before your leaf is up. Friday is a good day. It's the WAR day. We won't keep you so you needn't be afraid to come. I would like to see you about something too.

Dope is still the goat—he gets all the kicks.

Ball who was on kitchen police took his leaf and tried to walk on the track same time as the train. Perhaps you read of it in the paper. Ball's father came after him he was not brought here at all. He was to young too die and to good too. (I know I've got the o's on the wrong to's.) Every-one here except Ball.

Sullivan got twenty dollars and a bust for breaking arrest; didn't have his witnesses properly schooled and they bungled the job—another Garrison Court—more work for Whitehall.

Someone told Brown I was made Sgt. vice Morgan, and he ripped his ribbons off and resigned only he didn't resign because he found out no one cared whether he resigned or not. It ain't likely I'd get jumped into a Sergeancy when Shorty wouldn't let me keep a Corporal's job after he gave it to me. He is an Injun-giver. He hands you a promotion on a plate and grabs it back again. I forgot to tell you I was busted again and back at troop clerking. I do it so damned good Shorty can't find anyone else who suits him, and it was not because I happened to get a package on and went to sleep in the General's bed by mistake with a nice little dog I was trying to take care of. I am hoping that if you could come to visit you would tell Shorty it wouldn't hurt a man none to be troop clerk and a Corp. to, if he's so hellbent on having me here. I saved my stripes all ready to put on again. Lena Heiman thinks they look nicer on than off and when we get back to the Post I would like to have them on and not just little threads hanging out where they was.

I am sick of my job and would like to go back to dear old Hotchkiss P. D. Q.

Everybody sends regards. We have the only pipe in the place. The rest of the Cavalry are getting all that's coming to them. Be sure to come up and see us. Write soon.

Yours to the finish nit. WHITEHALL.

Sergeant Stone shortly after got a brief scrawl to this effect:

HEADQUARTERS CAMP OF INSTRUCTION.
MT. GRENA, PA.

DEAR STONE—Sorry I can't recommend your extension of leave but the men need a tighter rein than Duffy can give them. Be here on the 1st.

ALEXANDER CAMPBELL.

ACCORDINGLY the Top Sergeant of J Troop, Eighth Cavalry, saved his \$9.62 until the expiration of his leave, and whirled in to have as much fun as possible before the first, when he must report to his Troop Commander, once more an outcast enlisted man instead of the gentleman he felt himself among his own.

But (said Stone when telling me all about it afterward) even though I did want to stay away longer it was high time I got back. I knew it when I got the Captain's letter 'cause he never would have said as much as he did if he hadn't needed some help. Now you needn't go a-thinkin' Shorty Campbell can't handle a troop all right, only Spurs is more bother than he's worth an' Lieutenant Burns' wife had appendicitis an' he was hangin' round her bedside in Baltimore, an' old Duffy is all right for a Q. M. but he makes a bum Top, an' a troop is always on its ear without a First Sergeant with some sabe to him. Besides the troop was detailed as Headquarters Troop so they didn't have to get out and hustle like the others an' that gave 'em the more time to be up to devilment and go killin' themselves off an' so forth. They'd had their share of dog robbin' an' coffee coolin' before the militia came though, but of course that was the very first of the season. I butted in as I told you the first of August an' found Shorty sittin' on a bale of hay by the picket line, white all over with dust an' his puttees black with horse sweat, bossin' while Clancy, the farrier, tied up Mullygrubs' hock—another beast had kicked him.



By Will Adams

ILLUSTRATED BY GAYLE PORTER HOSKINS

"By golly, Stone!" says Shorty. "But I'm glad to see you back. We've been stagnatin' round here an' breedin' all sorts of damn germs. I raised a big kick to the General last night, an' in view of that an' a certain other little happenin' that rather makes him glad to get rid of us, he's goin' to change the Headquarters guard an' send us back to regular duty, thank God. A little more of this an' we'd all have had taps sounded without hearin' it."

"What's the particular matter with Whitehall anyway?" I asked. "With all his tricks I never knew him to go on a big booze before. I had a wall of woe not long since, sayin' you'd busted him for somethin' of the kind."

"Somethin' of the kind!" snorts Shorty. "Good Lord! Do you know what that locoed son of darkness did? Got blind drunk, picked a mangy yellow cur swarmin' with fleas an' goes to sleep with him in the General's bed—with his shoes on too! It'd been bad enough if he'd pounded his ear in my bunk, but golly! The General had clean sheets—in camp! Thought I'd never hear the last of that from the Old Man—he's finicky and fussy as a foolish Flossie. But golly! I had to bust the kid. If I hadn't, half the fool soldiers in the troop would have been doin' a now-I-lay-me in the General's bed every night—the trick seemed to tickle 'em so. It wasn't a bad joke on Flossie either—only of course Whitehall didn't know he was doin' it; thought he was home. He's a good kid an' clever an' I was sorry to bust him. I gave him a good stiff lecture on temperance an' told him to dam well cut out the drinks." Shorty chuckled. "After he was gone I happened to remember I'd just had two or three Scotchies, an' my breath must have been edifyin' if my words weren't. Now I don't just know who the joke's on."

His little shoulders popped up an' down in that funny way he has when he laughs.

"Whitehall's a good kid," I said. "An' he seems to think a lot of his stripes. I believe there's a reason."

"SURE there is," grunted Shorty with an awfully disgusted look. "A skirt—as usual. Why the blazes these fellows can't work just for their work beats me. 'Member Ryan? 'Member Morgan? What a man wants to mix the sentimental mush up

with his working ambition for beats the Dutch! If the service isn't enough for any man he oughtn't to be in it. It's enough for me! Do I go throwin' sheep's eyes an' waddlin' about with my mind a thousand miles away from my job? Good Lord! A fool girl! An' they all do it, one time or another—except me."

I COULDN'T help laughin'—Shorty was such a lookin' spectacle that it didn't seem to me that even if he had exerted himself he would have made much of a hit with the ladies. But he hardly ever looks in the glass, so he may not have a very good idea what a funny lookin' little cuss he is. Anyhow, it wouldn't worry him. He doesn't go much for looks. "Efficiency" is his countersign. That's one thing that gets Shorty's goat about Kid Whitehall. He's altogether too attractive and not sufficiently efficient at anythin' but troop clerkin'—so that's what Shorty keeps him at an' it makes the kid sore. Seems he can't win out with the girl without his stripes, an' he's afraid that Brown—who's got 'em already—will beat him to her. It was I who persuaded Shorty before I left to give him the vacant place as Corporal, an'—let me tell you this as a side line—Shorty didn't need overmuch persuadin'; though apparently he snorted lots he was quite willin', or no line of talk of mine would have mattered a whoop. Do you know, I believe that for all this disgust he makes out to have for the lads goin' courtin' he sort of enjoys it an' keeps the tail of his eye trained to see all that's goin' on. He's not nearly so down on them as he tries to make out. Look at the very cases he held up to me, Ryan an' Morgan—didn't he do his best by both of 'em in spite of all his talk?

The next person I happened to see after I got back was old Duffy, the Q. M.

"Hi, Sergeant," he says. "You're a sight fer sore eyes. I never will git on to the Top Cutter job—never in this world. At drill you ought to see me now; the Old Man he gives his order an' waits fer me to give mine, an' there I set dumb as Dope Hickey. 'Sound off, Sergeant,' says the T. C. 'Say somethin'!' But I can't think of nothin'! Not if you lynch me for a nigger in Georgia! Umph—um! No more jawbone Top fer mine! Plain Q. M. fer Granpa Duffy! Gee! the poor soldado certainly did seem relieved when I took over his job."

THAT night, as I rather expected, just as I was goin' to hit the bunk there came a scratchin' at the tent flap an' in pokes Kid Whitehall. Gee! what a tale of woe he had! an' how he did soak it to Shorty! He was heap much sore all right. Seems that Shorty had spoiled his whole shootin' match. As I told you, the Kid and Brown were runnin' neck an' neck for this girl called Lena Heiman—she works in the tent store, an' is tickled pink to have soldado beaux. But while, as I make it out, she evidently likes Whitehall best—or so he says—Brown bein' a noncom cuts ice. So she told the Kid that if he was a Corporal and could stay a Corporal she'd have him.

"Brown's doin' his best ter git her," he says. "An' if I go back without my stripes she'll take him sure, but if I go back with 'em on me—you might as well sound taps over him right now 'cause I can see his finish."

"Well," I said. "Why didn't you keep your ribbons when you had them? Here I go talkin' myself blue in the face persuadin' Shorty to make you a noncom an' the minute he does it how do you act? An' whatever made you get that package anyway? In all my experience of your devilments I never knew you to booze before."

"Oh," says the Kid. "It was jus' this way. It all come out of Bill Sullivan's breakin' arrest like I wrote you about. He had a bunch of men from D Battery an' McClusky an' Hansen cookin' up an' gettin' ready to swear to alibis fer him about breakin' that arrest. Shorty smelled out somethin' in the wind and put me an' Terry on the trail, not carin' to give tongue himself. We gathered up as nice a bunch of evidence as you ever seen; had Bill thrown an' hawg tied even if his witnesses hadn't bungled an' told different stories, an' Shorty was so pleased at us he shelled out five plunks apiece fer us out of his own little breeches pocket. I was fer savin' mine, but well

—you know Terry; somehow he jus' made me drink with him—an' he sure is a bottomless tank. I ain't nowhere in his class an' long an' long before my fiver was gone I was all in an' Terry hadn't hardly begun. I had sense enough anyway to quit an' leave right then, but I don't remember nothin' about acquirin' the mutt an' gittin' into the General's bed—an' yere I'm busted fer it! Shorty shouldn't 'a' give me that five an' then bust me fer usin' it. He ain't no We'll-C-T-Youse himself neither. Some one had to be the goat an' o' course it was me as usual. Shorty was gettin' hell from that old maid General himself, I s'pose, an' busted me to save his own hide. Clean sheets in camp! Oh, fudge!"

"Now you've made a D. F. of yourself, what do you want me to do?"

"I want you ter make Shorty give me back my stripes an' chevrons."

"I can't do that right hot off the bat, Kid," I said. "But I'll put in all the good words for you I can, an' if I see any chance for you to make a hit with him I'll tip you off. In the meantime go as steady as you can. No more gallopin' disunited."

An' so next mornin' when I saw Shorty I took the first opportunity I could to put in a good word for the Kid.

"Sure," says Shorty. "He's a good kid all right—none better. Smart as they make 'em too. I'd like damn well to promote him if he'd let me—if he'd only quit his fool tricks an' steady down to play the real game more. He's got the makin' of a good soldier in him if he gets over this puppy foolishness—an' this crazy puppy love of his. By golly! I don't know anybody in the troop I'd rather advance," says he. "If he'd only get a little initiative—buck up a bit an' let me be a bit surer of him. Before I give him back his stripes he's got to show me. I'm from Missouri in this business."

As soon as we got back to our squadron, Shorty sure kept us goin', day an' night. He had the reputation for bein' the best scout in the regiment—an' he was too—so they kept him busy an' he sure kept us on the jump: hiklin' all day, scoutin' an' reconnoiterin' all night. We hardly got any sleep; that didn't bother Shorty any 'cause he seldom *did* sleep, but that month he didn't let anybody else.

PERHAPS you don't know how this maneuver game is worked. They try to approximate all the conditions of actual warfare an' all sorts of strategic problems are worked out, experiments in equipments, arms, an' marchin' are made, an' most of the famous battles of the world—especially those of our Late Unpleasantness—are fought over with all the modern improvements. You'll sabb that under these conditions, an' not usin' ball cartridges, information as to the enemy's movements an' the security of their own positions were the principal things the two armies—called "Blues" an' "Browns"—had to think about to keep the campaigns goin'; an' of course that was where the cavalry came in. We were scoutin', screamin', hiklin',

an' reconnoiterin' the whole blessed time with mighty little breathin' space for any leather pounder in the outfit. But Fridays were the *big* days, the red-letter days, the *war* days that nearly the whole week's work had been preparin' for. It was then we spread ourselves. Of course, too, the summer camps are big trainin' schools for the militia. Regulars always have to do the Big Brother stunt in maneuver camps.

We were supposed always to make road maps too, as we went along, an' as I was the only one in the troop who had sabb how to do them it kept me busy till I had taught Whitehall how. Didn't take long either. The Kid was workin' away all solemn on his map, only now an' then he'd let out a cuss word or two, when Shorty comes up an' wants to see how he's gettin' along. Kid looked scared a bit but handed it over an' I saw Shorty give a chuckle an' he beckoned me to come an' look; an' there in the space for "Remarks" the Kid had written "Road very bad. Rifle very heavy. A damn-fool way to hike."

"An' he's right," cries Shorty. "I'm goin' to send that in with my report. Don't you dare rub that out," he says, handin' it back to Whitehall. "It's to go in just so." After that I caught him glancin' round at the Kid as if he had tickled him heaps. Then came the picnic that really put Kid Whitehall in good again.

ONE Thursday mornin' J Troop woke up an' found its guidon gone—stolen. We thought at first, of course, of blamin' it on the militia; anythin' goes wrong in camp they get it in the neck, but they proved "not guilty" an' then we began to sabb the real thief—J Troop of the Seventh, our deadly rivals; they had been boastin' they'd make us sick. The Seventh Cavalry were Browns an' we were Blues an' it had happened that most every war day we had come up against J Troop an' so far the honors had been pretty even. They were the crack troop of their regiment as we were of ours an' their T. C. was a West Pointer who was all there. I tell you he was an *officer*—honor graduate of the Infantry an' Cavalry School, an' not only brainy but with good horse sense as well, an' besides that he could handle *men*—which means more than all the rest. He an' Shorty kept each other steppin' lively. So when our guidon disappeared we knew who took it an' we made up our minds to get even. You bet your life J Troop of the Eighteenth wasn't goin' to let the ratty old Seventh get ahead of it.

It was part of the war game to change position in the night, an' the minute the clock struck twelve Thursday p. m. it was "Boots an' Saddles" an' away! That night our orders took us around where it was supposed the enemy's cavalry would be an' you can gamble every man was out to get our guidon back an' J Troop of the Seventh's with it. As for Shorty, he

"Do as I do!" yelled Shorty, an' he leaned down an' yanked the hat off a little sergeant. Every man followed suit an' picked a hat off as he dashed by

was simply boilin', not only for the shame of the loss, but because we had to use the silk guidon that's kept for ceremonies an' that made us look too fancy, he thought, an' not as if we were out for business. He was grumblin' an' gruntin' over it for ten minutes after we started off. It was a pitchy-black night; no moon, no stars, an' from where I was ridin' at the rear of the column of two's I could only see the croups of the horses immediately ahead of me. But of course I could *hear*, an' it was a queer thing to hear the crackin' an' gruntin' an' mixed-up cadence of the hoof beats an' now an' then a horse blowin' or whistlin', an' the scabbards tinklin' an' scraps of low-voiced talk from the men an' not a blame thing to see. It made me think of Kipling's "Dead Rissala" an' I was gettin' quite sentimental an' creepy over it when all at once out of the blackness came a great gallopin' an' two of our scouts shot out at us as if they had just been materialized from behind a dark velvet curtain. An' what a row they kicked up! It appeared we were headin' to run straight into a big bunch of the enemy an' to get to our position we'd have to make a detour about ten miles to the right. Shorty headed us square to the right off the road into a little clump of pine trees an' told us to wait while he went back with the scouts to see for himself. I heard Bill Sullivan an' Kid Whitehall havin' an argument—evidently about distances.

"Far as the Philippine Islands," says Bill.

"Hub!" sniffed the Kid. "That ain't far."

"It's as far as there is. If yer went any further yer'd be on the way home."

"Aw come off. What do you know about the Islands anyway, you big bluffer? You never been there. Don't believe you even know what *berl-berl* is."

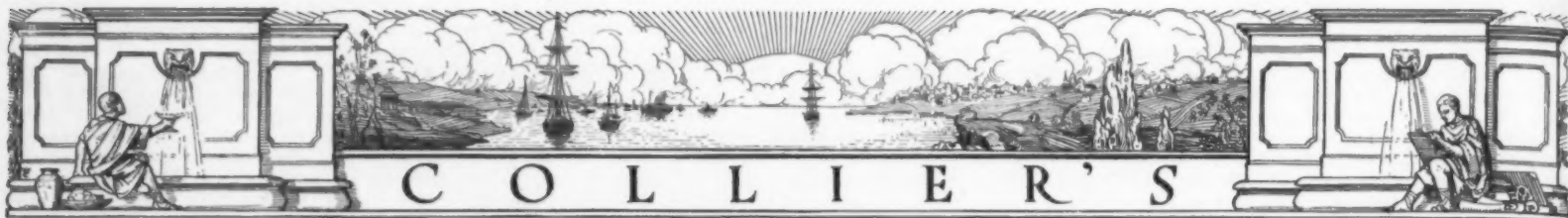
"Tisn't a berry. 'Tis a nut."

"SHUT your fool mouth," says Shorty, buttin' in from Lord knows where (he must have crept like a cat); "this is a stalkin' party, not a talkin' party. Quit. There's a bunch of about five hundred hombres not a hundred yards away. Silence now. Be careful. For'd, column right, march!" So we slunk along out of the clump an' across a field, not darin' to breathe till we reached the great stretch of woods that lay to our right. Now you might have thought as the night was so dark an' we'd got around the Browns an' out of hearin' we'd have skirted that wood an' only gone in in an emergency; but no tame stunt like that for Shorty.

"Right by, Trooper," says he. "Follow in trace; gallop, *march*!" an' threw himself into the pitchy-black darkness of that wood like a whirlwind, not even attemptin' to find a path or trail but shootin' straight ahead, crackin' an' bendin' the low-hangin' branches an' lettin' 'em fly back to swipe the man behind. That was a ride! Will I ever forget it!

My old Peppermint Drop was just gettin' over an attack of the influenza, but he's a game one, Pepperminty is, an' a stayer. (Continued on page 22)





The Rate Increase—A Middle Way

THE RAILWAYS ask permission to increase their freight rates by 5 per cent. That would add \$100,000,000 to the country's freight bill, and this bill already exceeds two billions. The increase is defended on the ground that while the general level of prices has risen 30 to 50 per cent and wages some 20 or 30 per cent, railway rates have stood still. Of course the latter is not wholly true. In a great many ways railway rates have been considerably raised within the last ten years. The fact that the average rate per ton-mile has stood still is due to other causes. One kind of transportation has in the United States been developed to a very high degree of efficiency. That is the transportation of commodities like coal, grain, iron ore, and so on, over long distances. These commodities are carried cheaply, because if they were not carried cheaply they could not be drawn these long distances; but because they are drawn a long way the profit is large. Rates for the short haul in this country are not low, compared with Europe. In many instances as much is charged for a short haul as for a much longer haul. The effect of this scheme of cheap long haul and dear short haul has been to build up the big cities at the expense of the country. It has produced enormous congestion of population in the great centers and sent land values in these centers to fantastic heights. It is a striking fact that the congestion of municipal centers in the United States now exceeds that in many parts of Europe. This same vicious scheme has ruined industry in many portions of the country. It has nearly ruined farming in New England and the Atlantic States. It has ruined the woolen factories in the West and often suppressed coal and iron mining where it would otherwise still yield profits.

The Railways Get the Recoil

NOW THIS EVIL SCHEME is beginning to recoil on the railways themselves. To increase their business they must have larger and larger terminals. These terminals cost huge sums for the land alone. To pay interest and dividends on the money for the land purchased at these fantastic values, the railways now ask permission to raise their rates. Where is it going to end? The greater the congestion of population they produce, the higher the land values, the greater the cost of more terminals. Land on Manhattan Island or at the mouth of the Chicago River is worth millions per acre; land on Staten Island or in New Jersey, ten miles away, is worth hundreds of dollars per acre. At Fall River they are building bigger cotton mills, at Brockton bigger shoe factories, at Lowell bigger cotton mills; but the shoe factories in Texas, the cotton mills in Mississippi, the woolen mills in Ohio or Colorado do not flourish. And why? Because the power to fix railway rates represents the greatest power of taxation in this country, and the whole scheme of railway rates in the United States has been to enable industries which are established where they do not belong to compete with and suppress industries at the natural bases of supplies and power. And this is one big reason why food and living in America is one-third dearer than in England and one-half dearer than on the Continent of Europe generally. It ought not to be cheaper to ship hides from Texas and have them made up in Massachusetts and shipped back and sold in Texas more cheaply than they could have been manufactured there. Texas has the raw materials and the fuel close by. New England has neither. Millions of cheap horsepower is going to waste in the Far West; but industries will not move there in considerable part because railway tariffs are adverse to such a development. We believe that the time has come at last to make a beginning of the end of this purblind policy.

The Way to a Beginning

THE RAILWAYS ask for a nearly horizontal increase in all existing tariffs. They do not propose to disturb the advantage of New England or of Pittsburgh or Chicago over the rest of the country. They do not propose to touch the rates which have created the fortunes of many of their directors and which have often been dictated by the directors themselves. They purpose to keep on running the railways in the interest of the very few and the interest of a small part of the country against the interests of the many and the interests of the whole country. This is unreasonable. If it is to the interest of the whole country that railway revenues should be increased, it is not to the public interest that this increase should come from rates which build up the cities against the country. If rates

must be increased, it should be the long-haul rates, and especially those between the great centers. These are the rates which, from a social and economic point of view, are too low. In general, the longer haul is with commodity freight and the shorter haul with classified freight. We believe classified rates are to be raised much more than commodity rates. This may be good railway policy from the point of view of quick dividends—it is not good public policy. With the suppression of the railways' suppression of water competition, we believe it would be entirely safe to permit the railways to raise their long-haul rates as much as they liked. They could not raise them much because such a raise would promptly check the volume of business. We believe there is here a work for the Interstate Commerce Commission of the highest economic importance. It transcends in importance the work of the new banking system because it reaches far more deeply into the social and industrial life of the nation.

Back to Sanity

WALL STREET can learn something! The greatest financial house of that district has announced that its partners are retiring from certain railway and industrial directorates. The reason:

An apparent change in public sentiment in regard to directorships seems now to warrant us in seeking to resign from some of these connections. Indeed, it may be, in view of the change in sentiment upon this subject, that we shall be in a better position to serve such properties and their security holders if we are not directors.

The Morgan firm has again proved its leadership and its power to read the signs of the times. Its members are abandoning an obsolete practice which grew out of the bankruptcies of the middle nineties, and which, proper enough under certain conditions, was dangerously and unwisely extended to serve ambition and to gratify greed. This marks a return, in some part at least, to that sane conservatism of integrity which is the most useful and honorable tradition of the banking business. It marks also the beginning of the dissolution of that autocratic and oligarchic organization of finance which was inseparably associated with the Republican party. It arose when that party was in power, and attained its fullness of strength when cherished and favored, if not actually deferred to, by the leaders of that party. With the Republican party disorganized and discredited, the "banking system" founded thereunder could no longer endure. There were no eternal economic laws to sustain it; without favor it could not live. Public opinion now rules this country, even at the corner of Broad and Wall Streets, and "Hannaism" is no longer the dominant sentiment of the United States. Those in charge of what is left of the Republican party will please take notice of these facts.

Percussion Capper

FROM MR. ARTHUR CAPPER'S Topeka (Kans.) "Capital":

But we have no desire to quibble with the policy of the esteemed "Post." When one has tried to read COLLIER'S and "Harper's Weekly," he realizes that the "Post" is a pretty fair sort of periodical.

So soon as Mr. CAPPER makes his practices conform to his pretenses he will be able to open his weekly COLLIER'S with less fear of seeing something he doesn't like. But so long as he continues to fill his various publications with advertisements of Peruna, Lydia Pinkham, Princess Tokio, and a host of lesser fakes, we shall continue to reflect that there is something odd in the spectacle of a man who shares the profits of quackery, angling for the Progressive nomination for Governor of Kansas.

Fact Fictions

THE ROMANCES that actually happen are so many that we are in a fair way to miss their full value. Consider the case of ADELAIDE M. BRANCE, the woman whom an up-State lawyer in New York hid in his offices for three years; with whom he spent a great deal more time than with his wife and family; and all this without anyone in the curious little town ever once suspecting it! This mysterious romance was published only when the sudden death of one of the principals cut it short; yet it is more improbable than tales of BALZAC and of Mrs. WHARTON with much the same plot. In the same week that saw publicity given to this story, four men sat drinking in a sailors' hotel on the New York river front. They plotted there a piece of night brigandage that transcends in sheer effrontery any tale of Chinese river pirates published between lurid covers. On Christmas Eve, amid circumstances that would have distinguished a novel by EUGENE SUE, they seized a tug, kidnaped a railway barge, looted a string of freight



cars, turned the barge adrift, and transferred their plunder to waiting wagons in somnolent Brooklyn. What their next move was, nobody knows. And here is one more news item—out of the same week's papers: A British peeress (by marriage) enters the convent of the "Poor Clares" at Edinburgh—one of the strictest conventual establishments in all the world. Before she was Lady LYVEDEN, this woman was a shopgirl. Shopgirl, baroness, nun. There is no more striking series of transmutations in MARIE CORELLI, OUIDA, or (we're thinking of "Sister Teresa") GEORGE MOORE. No wonder STEVENSON said that there was matter for an epic in every issue of a one-cent newspaper. Only sometimes we lack the poet.

The World Moves

JUST WHEN A WOMAN IS APPOINTED Commissioner of Correction in our largest city, we note the death of a suffragist, Mrs. LILLIE DEVEREUX BLAKE, who

was one of those who secured the appointment of women as police matrons, not only in New York, but also in Detroit, and this in face of the most violent opposition.

We commend this bit of history to the Bourbons who quake at the thought of a woman holding an important municipal office. Police matrons are now a matter of course. The world moves; women are becoming "citizens"; the old fogies are waking up.

Marriage and Plays

IN "THE AMERICAN GENTLEMAN," by CHARLES BUTLER, Esq., written in 1835, one reads on page 15:

If, at a proper age, you form a strong attachment to a virtuous woman, dare, with the sanction of parental approbation, to marry. It is better to be poor than wicked.

Our modern dramas of society are of two sorts: first, those which deride this advice; second, those which set forth the consequences. Both unite to prove the wisdom of Mr. BUTLER's counsel.

Most Unfortunate

THE MAKE-UP MAN on the Boston "Herald" deserves a spanking. Just below an article to the effect that

MARRIAGE MAKES MEN LIVE LONGER

he places a news story headed as follows:

TWINS! HE IS TOLD; FATHER DROPS DEAD

On Spelling as You Please

THE RECURRENCE in our correspondence of letters in which "thru," "bot," and sometimes "husht" and "diminisht," and the like, are seen reminds us of the fact that the flag of spelling reform is still nailed to some faithful masts. May not the whole matter be solved by applying the doctrines of the philosophical anarchists? Why observe any laws in spelling? Why not throw down all regulations? Mr. SAMUEL WELLER told the court that the spelling of his name depended upon the taste and fancy of the speller. SAM is the true reformer, and at the same time the true conservative. In the spacious times of great ELIZABETH, spelling was altogether a matter of taste and fancy. There was no need for the Elizabethan child to pore over the spelling book. As he pronounced, he spelt. JOHN LYLY—he of euphuistic fame—wrote "neyther." Why should not the Bostonian write "neyther" now, and the Chicagoan "neether"? The difference would disclose to the historian of the future one of the last vestiges of local color in American life. We are glad to know that MARLOWE sounded the "b" in "Tamburlaine." Why should not the man from Posey County be permitted without reproach to disclose his "r" in "dorg"? We don't know whether to write "WICLIF," "WYCLIF," "WYCKLIFFE," or any one of several other ways, but we do know that he put in his Bible "In the biggynnyng Godde created." He probably spelled his own name in different ways at various times. It is cast up against SHAKESPEARE that he didn't know how to spell his own name. As a matter of fact, there was no established way. WYCKLIFFE spells Judea "Judee." Probably he pronounced it in that way, as did HOSEA BIGLOW. CAXTON refers to "the generall destruccyon of the grete Troy," and we know as well what he means as if he had anticipated WEBSTER. In the olden time we had initiative and originality in literature as well as in spelling. The present uniformity in orthography is a badge of slavery—slavery to the printed page, to NOAH WEBSTER and Dr. WORCESTER. Spellers of the English-speaking world, arise! You have nothing to lose but your chanes, and a world to gane!

On the Defensive

THE WHISKY TRAFFIC is on the run to-day as never in the past. The activity of the so-called "Protective Bureau" is an evidence—"The Protective Bureau of the National Association of Wholesale Liquor Dealers" being, in the words of its "National Bulletin," "the organization that is fighting the Anti-Saloon League and Prohibition element." Also the "National Bulletin," in reproducing an editorial from COLLIER'S, adds an invitation to boycott us:

Each issue of COLLIER'S WEEKLY contains some screed against the liquor trade, and yet thousands of liquor dealers and liberally inclined people buy and read COLLIER'S WEEKLY. To support and encourage such a publication is a crime against justice and decency.

According to the wholesale liquor organ, such a case as that of WILLIAM REDDING of Americus, Ga., who got drunk in a "blind tiger," shot up the town, and was lynched, could hardly have occurred if Americus had eight licensed saloons instead of "at least one blind tiger." Now, it is true that the illegal drinking place is more vicious than the licensed saloon, just as cremation is an uglier death than drowning. That hasn't much to do with the case in point, however. The South has tried out the saloon, and has decided, rather generally, to suppress it. Local authorities are weaker in some places than in others, and do not uniformly enforce the law. Therefore negroes and others do still get drunk and do still perpetrate the murders which bad whisky inspires. The logical deduction is: let citizens see to the enforcement of the law. It is by the corruption of local authorities, through votes or money, or both, that the men who make money by it are enabled to sell "nigger gin" in defiance of the statutes. This is a case for correction locally, and we believe that the communities involved take the issue seriously enough to solve it. Georgia, the State where the town of Americus is situated, has voted "dry." It is Georgia's duty to enforce dryness—not for our sake or for any reformer's, but for her own.

A Good Forgetter

AT A RECENT CONFERENCE SOMEWHERE, Mr. DON C. SEITZ is reported to have said:

Mankind has not improved in the treatment of itself.

He has forgotten about slavery, imprisonment for debt, the use of cruelty in schools and in "family correction," and a thousand other once-common abuses. He can get one line on this problem by reading JOHN BACH MCMASTER'S little book on "The Rights of Man in America." One of the best things in life is the ease with which we forget evil when it has ceased to exist.

We Take Stock

FIFTY YEARS FROM NOW, when some writer brings WOODROW WILSON'S "History of the American People" up to date, we think he will say that the ten years ending about January 1, 1914, was the period of the greatest ethical advance made by this nation in any decade. On the material side he will doubtless conclude that the most important phenomenon of this ten years was the development of the gasoline engine and, especially in the latter part of the decade, its adaptation to commercial uses, to doing, in cities and on farms, the work formerly done by human and other animal labor. And we think the same historian will say that the most important economic feature of the next decade, from 1914 until, say, 1924, was the completing of great highways and the improvement of roads everywhere. If he is a very discerning historian, he will point out that the improvement of roads was an incident and result of the development of the gasoline engine. Probably he will record that the first real success achieved in a long attempt to reduce the cost of living came at the completion of the good-roads era, when farmers within a radius of fifty or sixty miles from the city were able to pack their produce on five or ten ton motor trucks and take it themselves in a four or five hour journey to the consumer in the city. Because it was a gradual perfecting, because there was no single invention with a picturesque quality, like BELL'S discovery of the telephone, the significance and importance of the gasoline engine and its adaptation to the automobile, to the carrying of burdens, and to doing the heavy work on farms, have been lost. Few of the historic aids to the advance of civilization have been of as great help as the completion of a portable fountain of energy which, weighing only one-half as much as a horse, will do the work of sixty horses and keep it up without rest for practically an unlimited time.

From a Hasty Survey

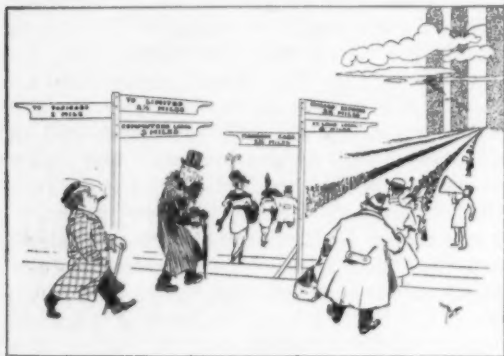
WHAT we need profoundly in this period of speed-limitless advance is a commission to take care of the new problems which are being caused by the solution of the old ones.

Progress is so rampant that we wake up each morning with a half century of advancing to do and go to bed exhausted at night having covered the half century, and having in the meantime uncovered enough new and vociferous necessities to leave us a whole century behind.

It is all we can do to stagger along with the big problems; and with every legislative body, commercial club, scientific association, Chautauqua, and college debating club sitting up nights on the vital puzzles of life, the little ones are being neglected and are multiplying like red ants in an old-fashioned kitchen.

There is the problem of passenger terminals, for instance. The big question has been solved beautifully.

We now have great fifty-acre stations in which a cathedral could be put in winter storage without taking down the towers. These stations are miracles



of size and construction, and we ought to be satisfied. But they have opened up a new problem—not much larger than a gnat, but just as annoying. We are making our stations so big that we can't find our trains.

The Far Horizons of Railway Stations

TEN years ago it was possible to dash madly up to a railway station in a cab—or a street car, though street cars decline to go mad for anyone—and, having reached the station, to leap through the door and out on to the platform with a few well-executed jumps.

To-day, with faster street cars and taxicabs which make the traveler three times as mad as the old kind and get him to places five times faster, we are farther away from our trains than ever, because when we get to the modern station door we are only halfway to our train.

Rich or poor, athletic or bunioned, young or old and feeble and propped up with canes, we must all take the same pilgrimage on foot—through the great million-dollar entrance arcade across the waiting room, so large that it has a horizon instead of walls, across the grand concourse or north forty, as it used to be called before it was roofed over, down the elevator, and on to the place where the train would have been had it been a patient and reasonable train.

Focus Your Brains Upon These

IT SEEMS a shame to suggest to the railroads which have spent so much money and have done it in such an ornamental and conscientious manner that they blow in a little more on the problem of making their grand new stations navigable for hurried travelers. But it ought to be done.

Ramps and roller skates might do for the athletic—or the railroad itself might be extended to the front doors. This would be a very useful subject for a national commission for the solution of unimportant problems. And when it had solved this puzzle it might go ahead and tackle the following questions:

"How can the modern two-bushel Sunday newspaper be disposed of successfully after it has been read?"

"How can the modern Christmas be indulged in to a reasonable extent with physical and financial safety?"

"How can the baseball fans who have supported their teams through the summer get first-seat rights at the world series?"

"How can we remain sane though perfectly sanitary?"

By George Fitch

ILLUSTRATED BY C. J. POST

"How can motor ambulances and fire engines be kept from running over pedestrians on their way to save life?"

"How can a man who doesn't like gramophone music visit his friends in comfort?"

"How can the builder of a \$500,000 apartment house put in a \$1,000,000 foyer and yet save something for plumbing?"

"How can the tango devotee discover in what cities he is a social leader and in what cities he is a moral menace?"

These are all nonessentials—small questions, overlooked in the rush of solving the world's peace, overworked currency, and the Mexican temperament. But as a nation we would be happier if some committee of earnest scholars would focus a set of resourceful brains upon them.

Would You Live in a Vacuum?

SARCASTIC writers sometimes look forward to the days when air will be controlled by a monopoly and the gasping citizen who wants a few cubic feet of oxygen properly diluted will have to buy it, washed, dried, purified, and neatly put up in a paper carton with a moisture-proof lining.

This is probably a groundless fear, though if something isn't done to prevent the automobile factories of Detroit from grabbing up all the air in that vicinity and stuffing it into tires under high pressure, citizens of eastern Michigan are going to find themselves in a partial vacuum one of these fine days.

However, it is interesting to note that while air can still be obtained in unlimited amounts, except in the tenement districts of New York, the use of yellow as a color is severely restricted by law, and the butter makers have a legal monopoly of it.

A butter maker can buy a bottle of condensed yellow and turn his product into the most appetizing gold. But the oleomargarine maker can't do anything of the sort unless he pays a tax of ten cents a pound. It is claimed that if he were allowed to use this color he would make an imitation butter and sell it for the real thing.

However, the prohibition works another way. Those Americans who have enough money to pay thirty-five cents a pound can eat yellow butter. Those who haven't have to get along without the yellow. They can buy all the hard-colored imitation butter they wish, but there is a toll of ten cents a pound on yellow when it comes to eating purposes.

Why Yellow Butter Is Yellow

FUNNY how things work around in an unostentatious and unsuspected manner. Many years ago England attempted to tax a certain household beverage in the American colonies. The result was that for several months the water of Boston Harbor was a very fair imitation of boarding-house tea. But for years past those who wanted to eat yellow butter have had to put up ten cents a pound for the privilege, and no one has peeped. How long will it be before some shrewd bunch of food kings gather up publishing and manufacturing rights on hot food and compel us to struggle along on cold grub unless we buy their products—each can containing a government permission to heat it on the stove? And will we, descendants of the free and untrified tea sling-



ers, submit to this as placidly as we have to the monopoly of yellow?

No Tango in Greenland—and Why

THE long-discussed currency bill is a law at last; and the much-desired elasticity in the nation's money has been secured. Great things are expected of this elasticity, but so far we are disappointed in its results. We tried to stretch a silver dollar around two dozen strictly fresh eggs the other day and the grocer laughed at us.

Greenland has had a census and it is announced that all records for growth have been broken in the last ten years. Since 1901 the population has risen from 11,893 to 13,439, a clear gain of over 1,500 people. The fur and skin trade has grown steadily and the exports of icebergs have increased enormously.

The best thing about Greenland's growth is that it has been from within. Greenland has no immigration problems. The foreign-born population amounts to less than 400 and is not increasing, owing to the improved facilities for getting out of the country. This lack of immigration has saved Greenland from the sex play, the Tango dance, the Black Hand, the stock gambler, the real-estate promoter, the commercial prize fight, the one-horse baron, the taxicab bandit, and the attorney who acts as a guide around the statute books. Happy Greenland! But also careless Greenland. Needing no immigration restrictions, she has made none. The bars are down, and for all she knows Jack Johnson and Harry Shaw may even now be looking up steamer rates thither.

Poetic Yearnings

WHEN John Cooper Powys of England, occupation poet, came to Chicago he looked out upon Grant Park from a room in the Blackstone Hotel just underneath and slightly to one side of a cumulus cloud, and then wrote a poem reflecting very severely upon the city because he could not see one white violet in the park nor one rose-colored shell on the lake shore. In fact, he found it hard to believe that an otherwise fair-minded earth should spawn such a thing as Chicago, and he referred to



his hotel room as midway between heaven and hell. Everyone knows, of course, where heaven is located, which left Mr. Powys's readers no trouble in guessing what he thought of Chicago.

The Only Way to Please England

WINNING English approval is, next to chasing will-o'-the-wisps and automobile speeders, about the most illusive and unsatisfactory task in this country. We erect mammoth hotels in which everything from service to bankruptcy can be had by pressing a button, and the English leave them in disgust because the maids do not turn down the bedcovers. We entertain them in houses which are the last ten thousand words in good taste, and they throw up the windows and lean out of them, panting reproachfully, to cool off.

And now, after Chicago in a scant seventy years has lifted itself out of the swamps, sown the prairie to palaces, turned a river the other way around, put a thousand miles of railways on stilts, and pushed Lake Michigan back half a mile in order to provide park room, a pale young poet from the land whose national flower is the pork pie lifts his voice in protest because Chicago doesn't grow sea shells on a fresh-water shore and produce white violets in December.

There is only one sure way of winning English approval, and that is by allowing them to beat us in some game or other. And unfortunately this method is getting more difficult every year.

*Unconventional Portraits of American
Cities — Pittsburgh*

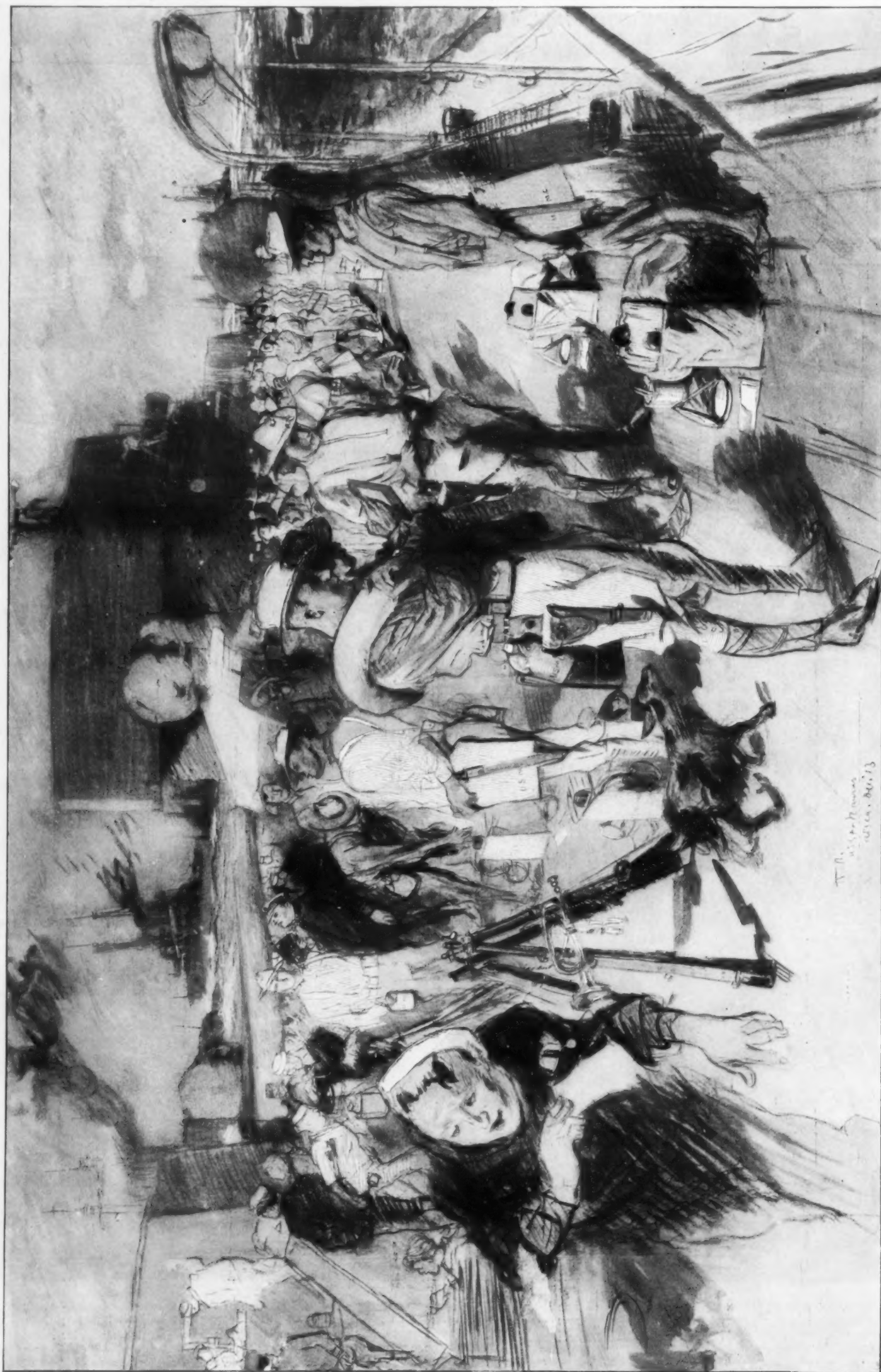


THIS SMOKE-BEFOGGED SNAPSHOT is boldly impressionistic, but Pittsburgh is not likely to resent it as a caricature. The everyday citizen of Pittsburgh prudently carries an extra collar in his pocket, but does so uncomplainingly, for he knows that smoke

spells money. A dyed-in-the-wool Pittsburgher best knows how to appreciate the morning prayer: "Give us this day our daily smoke," chanted by those who have made footprints in these sooty sands of time—Schwab and Frick and Westinghouse; and echoed by some

250,000 workingmen whose pay envelopes would fall short of the estimated \$350,000,000 mark annually if the fires were not kept alive. The Smoky City makes 15 per cent of the world's iron and steel, and produces the same percentage of the world's output of coal.—SOPHIE IRENE LOEB.

PHOTOGRAPH BY EARLE HARRISON



Inspection of Marines Prepared for Expeditionary Duty

DRAWN ON BOARD THE U.S.S. ARKANSAS BY HENRY REUTERDAHL

"I have tried to convey the stalwartness of the marine guard, their lithe bodies, the rakish angle of their hats, their common-sense equipment, and their soldierly look in general"

With the Joy-Riding Fleet

By Henry Reuterdaahl

The "Leather Necks"

Being the Final Article on the Sight-Seeing Trip of the American Battle Fleet in the Mediterranean

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR



WHAT a "rough crossing," coming as the end of a joy ride! The liner is a lady and slows down in a head sea so the passengers won't get mal-de-mer as they dine à la Ritz, but battleships are the roughnecks of the sea and pitch right into it. Those who get seasick—well, that's their affair. Besides, they should have stayed home on the farm and swung on the gate instead of shipping to "see the world" under a blue shirt.

Now, personal joys aside, what was the sum total in actual results of nine battle wagons burning up good coal and lying in port for three weeks doing nothing but being a post-office address for those lads who were making tours inland? There are many who will back up the statement that never again will the dreadnoughts make such an unmilitary expedition, having little or no bearing upon the use or the training of the fleet as an instrument of war. It is very fine to send ships to Europe so that the servants of the Government can spend their furlough abroad. But if the navy, why not the Department of Agriculture or the revenue cutters or the Fish Commission's vessels—all who would like to go abroad for a jaunt? Undoubtedly there will be a stimulus in recruiting, but it's a question whether the navy is so hard up for men as to warrant a cruise for joy purposes only.

The Talk Is Always War

AND what is the fleet's say, outside of always approving of being at sea and forming the sea habit for the young ones? The engineering crowd believe that the cruise was of value. It allowed them to obtain data on economical steaming at steady speed. No spurts were made, reserve speed with extra boilers coupled on for eighteen knots, or performing stunts in tactics—just steady steaming, the turbines whirring at even speed. Sharp-eyed junior officers watched the weighing of coal night and day before it was swallowed by the fires. And great glee there was on board those ships which consumed the smallest amount of fuel, and large gobs of pity and some sarcasm for those who didn't.

It has been said before that the presence of our fleet in Italy was not received with any chunks of enthusiasm. One of the reasons might have been that our ships did not buy any coal or provisions there (save for the Admiral's salad, which hardly counts in war), and it was the first time in modern naval history that any fleet has crossed the Atlantic and returned to its base self-sustaining. Not that other navies could not do it—it simply has not been done. But it was a joyful improvement upon the Great Cruise around the world when rusty colliers flying the flags of all nations nursed the ships in each port.

Now the wardroom conversation at sea is all "shop"—war, war, and war again—the everlasting preparation for the



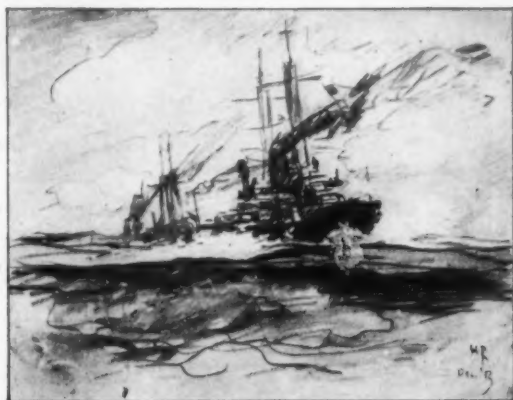
carrying their tentage, camp stuff, and ammunition. And in another hour they would be intrenched, ready to hold their ground. In twenty-four hours all the marines from the Atlantic stations could be on board

The battleships Connecticut, Kansas, and Ohio were detached from the fleet in the Strait of Gibraltar and sent on to Vera Cruz

"real thing": theories, "dope," schemes to make the whole works do more, fleet economics. But Mexico is the main topic breakfast, noon, and dinner; it would drive you wild if you did not like it and live with it in your mind; war game in the afternoon and often after "chow" at night, as the band plays in the passageway and the drench of the spray smites the skylight. Fellows are sitting up late, stooping over charts, laying out the battle plans—how the Red Fleet is to smash to smithereens the Blue on the game board the following night. The naval officers (the younger ones) think mostly of three things—when they are to make their number (promotion), Broadway, and war—and at sea mostly war, and in this case Mexico. But it would not be the navy and the lusty gun pointer that would first wander into the land of cactus and unrest, but the marine. "A citizen before a sailor, a sailor before a soldier, a soldier before a dog, and a dog before a marine," was the cry in the old navy, but the marine now is put first.

Telling of Marines

IN OUR unmilitary country, while the army is by its own say-so not ready for war, the marines shine like a bunch light, ready to fight at an hour's notice. In less than an hour over a thousand marines could be landed from the fleet, fully equipped,



their transports, ready with stores, medical supplies, and light artillery, and able to land anywhere the most mobile force in the world.

The Courageous "Leather Necks"

THE bluejacket does not mix with the marine. The marine is too good—a better man from a military viewpoint, of cleaner cut, better set-up, older, better trained, and he understands discipline thoroughly.

The bond between the men and the officers of the Marine Corps is closer, and no divisional officer on board ship gets under the skin of his men as do the captain and the lieutenant of a marine detachment. In the field they fare the same, eat the same food, sleep the same way, and share the hardships equally.

Stephen Crane told the story of the young marine who wigwagged with a lantern on top of the trenches at Guantanamo, a clean target against the sky, with the Spaniards taking pot shots, and of how Colonel Huntington sauntered along just to show the lad there wasn't much danger.

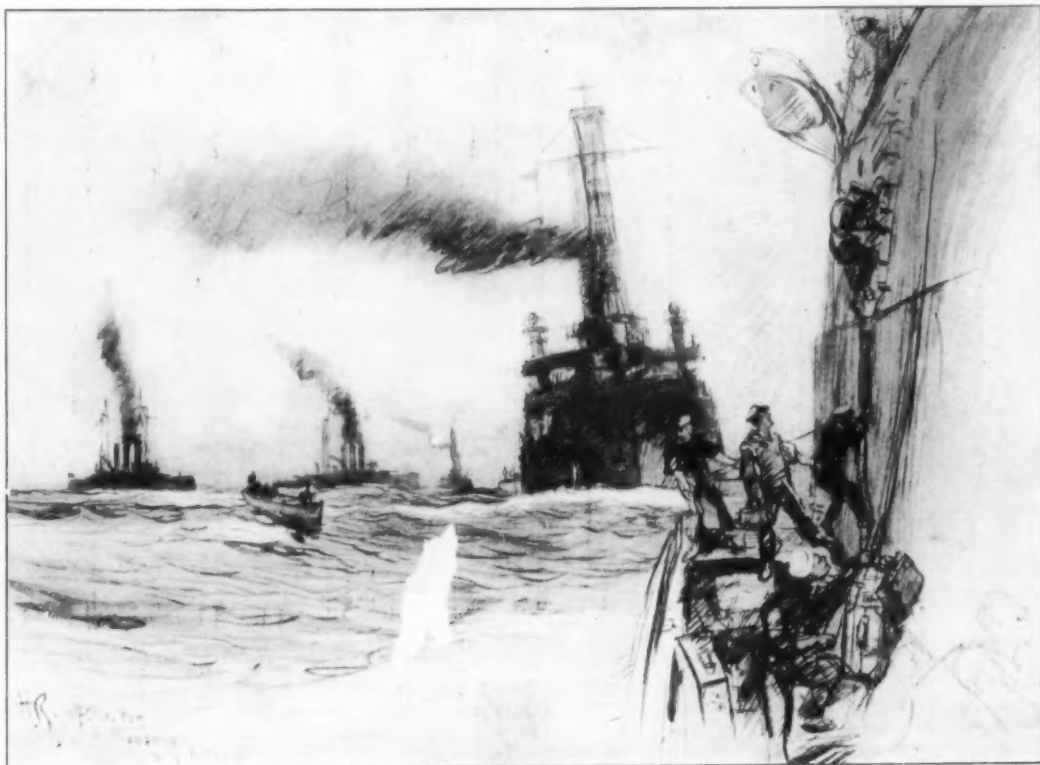
It is this esprit de corps that has made the marines what they are. Always on the job, always ready; neither sailor nor soldier, their make-up is hard to describe. The bluejackets call them "leather necks," but that is borrowed from the British.

The Sailor Home from the Sea

GLANCE at the drawing of inspection of marines prepared for expeditionary duty, which inspection took place during the easy part of the home stretch. I have tried to convey the stalwartness of the marine guard, their lithe bodies, the rakish angle of their hats, their common-sense equipment, and their soldierly look in general. This drawing has no "composition," nor much "art," but was made to show how these men look.

The morning haze hangs over the ocean and in the distance loom up the deserted joy places of Coney Island, and an occasional fishing boat drifts on the tide. "Good old New York!" shouts a tar, blowing his freezing fingers; "and it's me for Broadway—the spigoties didn't get my coin!" And as the ships of the fleet, minus those that went to Mexico, and the Vermont (disabled during the return passage), passed Quarantine, there were large expectations of an army of customhouse officers looking for ditty boxes and bags filled with prey. But some kind soul—they say it was a chaplain—wirelessed to one high in authority to call on board, and he was told that it wouldn't be fair to mulet the men, since they had been officially ordered abroad to enjoy themselves and to bring home souvenirs.

So there was no duty paid on phony pearls or on Florentine filigree work manufactured in St. Louis. The joy ride is over. The fleet goes back to real work.





AN EARTHQUAKE caused a tunnel near Chemnitz, in Saxony, to collapse just as the locomotive of a passenger train was emerging. Eight persons were killed, forty injured



Al J. Jennings

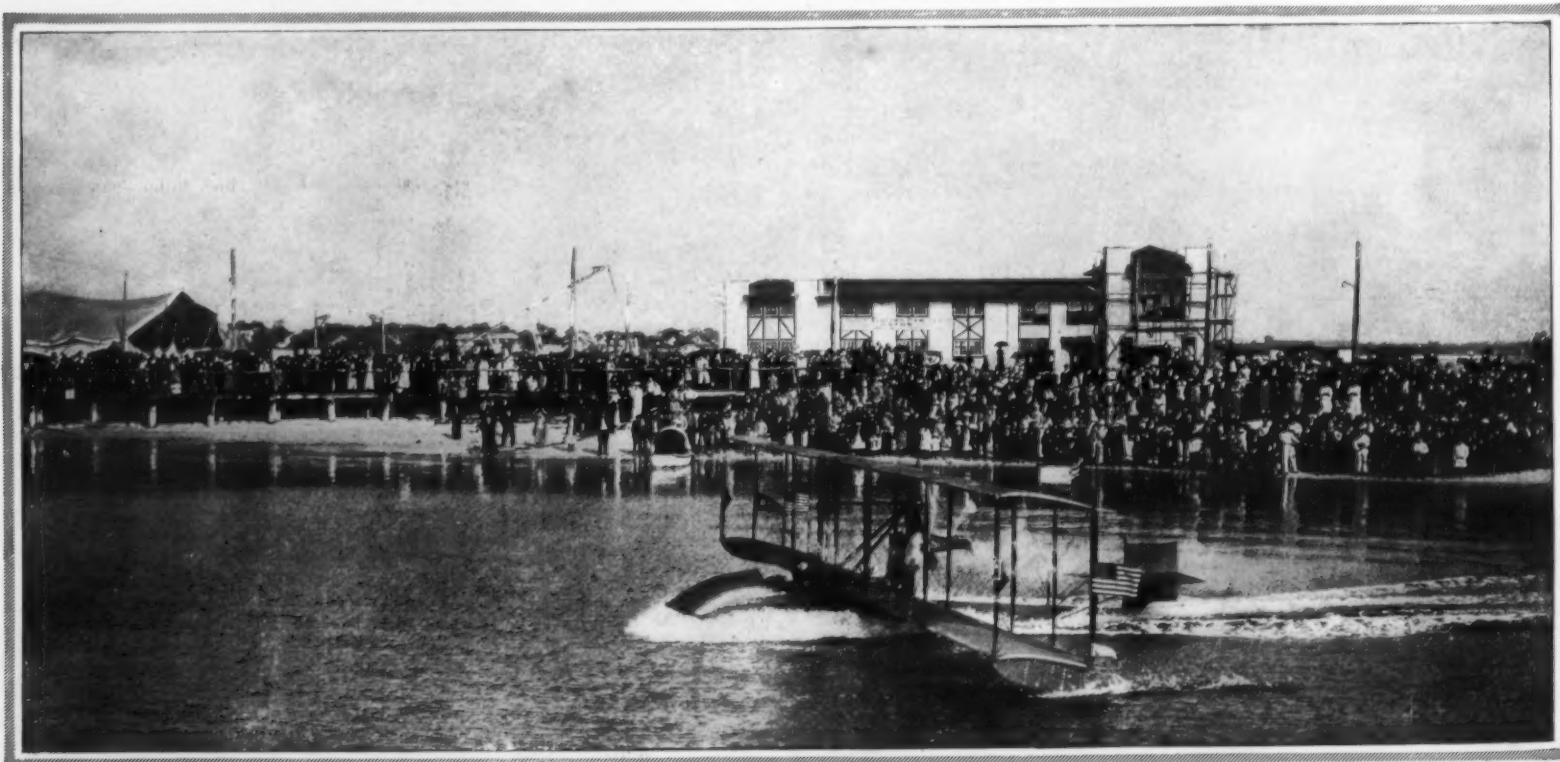
An ex-Train Robber Who Aspires to Govern and Reform Oklahoma

THE most discussed candidate for the Democratic nomination for Governor of Oklahoma at this writing is Al J. Jennings, an ex-train robber. After he had served five years in a Federal prison, Mr. Jennings set about reclaiming his place in society. He succeeded; and in the process became so indignant at some of the hypocrisies of politics and the legal system that he turned political reformer.

"My object," he says, "is to clean up the party in Oklahoma, to drive out of it the present leaders, who claim to be Democrats but who are only spoilsmen.

I intend to fight the double-dealing political thieves with whom no self-respecting outlaw of former years can associate. All I want is to see absolutely honest men at the head of the Government, and, after I have announced my candidacy, if some man whose integrity and uprightness are unquestioned becomes a candidate, I shall withdraw and support him with all of my ability."

To forestall the wits who will observe that our photograph makes Mr. Jennings look like a lecturer, we hasten to record the defense that he is a lecturer.



"Via Airboat": A 1914 Addition from Florida to the Railway and Steamship Guides

A PASSENGER and express airboat line with a schedule of two round trips a day is in service between St. Petersburg, Fla., and Tampa. The first trip, the start of which is shown in our photograph

above, was made on New Year's morning. The privilege of being the first passenger was auctioned at \$400 to Mayor A. C. Phell of St. Petersburg. The regular fare for a one-way ticket is \$5. No reduc-

tion is offered for the round trip. Via air-line, the distance over Tampa Bay between the two terminals is fifteen miles. The airboat makes the trip in half an hour—two hours less than railway ferries.

"WILL you ride over to Nelson's Gift or shall I drive you?" asked Owen of Mary at breakfast the next morning.

"I think I'll get you to drive me, please," said Mary, smiling. "It's a very womanly occasion, and I don't feel as though I could be as motherly as you seem to wish in riding boots."

So Mary and Owen drove off behind a pair of fast brown cobs half an hour later. The blue sky, softened by a skein of silvery cloud, seemed like a tent made for happiness. She sat there beside him, her eyes following the eight busy hoofs, and thought:

"This is one of our last drives together. It will never be like this again. Life is freakish and very cruel. I am not happy, but if he could be happy I should not mind. For a little while he will think he is. But afterward—"

And she saw Owen sadly enough, a white-haired man of seventy when his wife would be still a young woman only a year or two older than she herself was now.

She looked up at him, throwing back her shoulders under her white cambric gown.

"Tell me something about Phoebe," she said. "You've scarcely spoken of her at all."

Owen let the whip just touch Jinko's quarters and the fiery little horse plunged ahead with a snort.

"I haven't talked about her on purpose," he said. "When there are two people that you're especially anxious to have 'friends,' it's the greatest mistake to talk much about them to each other."

"Well—perhaps you're right," said Mary.

HER eyes were on his brown hands—he had not put on his gloves, which she had picked up from the seat when she got in, and now held in her lap. The little, flat aluminum sleeve links with the sapphire sparks she had known ever since she knew him. She could close her eyes at any time and see those strong wrists and the sheen of the stiff white linen against them, held by those links, as plainly as she saw them now.

As is often the way with women, Owen's hands seemed more vividly clear to her than even his face, with the quick-moving, affectionate, hazel eyes that she so loved.

"How silent you are to-day, Mary dear!" said Owen, looking down at her with a smile. "Are you pondering all the possible sorrows that may lurk for me in the estate of marriage?"

THIS was so near the truth that Mary gave a guilty little laugh.

"You see," she said in a matter-of-fact voice, "I know you so much better than most people do. I know what a tragedy marriage would mean to you if it turned out anything less than perfect."

She saw his face change, though she was looking past him at the horses' ears. "I'm afraid marriage is never 'perfect,' Mary."

"Yours ought to be," she said in a low voice.

He turned and put his hand over hers with one of those frank, impulsive caresses that always pleased and hurt her, which most she could not tell.

"Mary dear," he said, "do you know I've sometimes thought if you'd ever cared for me—in that way, we two might have been very happy."

Mary felt as though he had struck her. If she had

World's-End

Chapter IX—Love's Anguish

By Amélie Rives

ILLUSTRATED BY ALONZO KIMBALL

ever cared—in that way! Had she, then, hidden all feeling too successfully? Was the devastation of her life all her own doing? But the next instant a sure intuition came to her aid. No—there was no use blinding herself. Not once in all their long, affectionate friendship had he felt one throb of stronger emotion for her. "You mustn't jest to an old maid about such a wonderful lost opportunity," she said lightly. "It isn't worthy of true knighthood."

She had spent the whole morning over her toilet. She must look her very best to greet Cousin Mary, the dearest friend of the being that she worshiped with all the passion of a guilty gratitude. For Phoebe did not blind herself.

She told herself over and over with burning pain that she was a wicked, wicked girl—and yet she had no more power to struggle out of this desperate temptation than a poor linnet out of the grip of the birdlime.

And her youth and native joy in life made her now, and were to make her again and again, lose the heavy sense of her true situation with its problem and its guilt, since the face of these days was so radiant.

She had ransacked her mother's little chest in the attic for something especially pretty to wear, and had decided at last on an old fichu of embroidered Indian muslin, trimmed with point appliqué. This soft, web-like kerchief she had adjusted over a straight little frock of corn-colored muslin with short, ruffled sleeves. About her throat she tied a band of black velvet, and drew another through her hair. When all was done she looked like a winning portrait by Romney, and the little peak of hair on her forehead, over black-blue

eyes, made her likeness to his "Divine Lady" very striking.

Anxiety, dread, a sort of shamed exultation which she could not suppress, had set a lovely carmine under her eyes, still so overbright and startled in their quick glances.

WHEN Mary saw her she said to herself: "No wonder! She is one of the most bewitching creatures I ever looked at!"

"Think of this being my little butter-ball Phoebe!" she said, and took her straightway in her arms.

Great tears sprang to Phoebe's eyes. She struggled hard to speak, but could not. Owen stood looking on with an odd, human pride in the loveliness that he saw had gone to Mary's heart. And all at once he thought: "Yes—I shall suffer. If she can't ever love me—I shall suffer badly." He turned away, saying that he would go and talk to Mr. Nelson while they "made friends" anew after all these years.

"Suppose you take me up to your own room," suggested Mary as he left them, her arm still about Phoebe's waist; the child was a full inch taller than she was.

"No wonder—no wonder—" she kept repeating to herself. And gazing earnestly at Phoebe she tried to see through that mask of a young face, so infinitely harder to penetrate than the faces of the middle-aged and old on which life has left writing more or less decipherable. Had she depth—character—or only this keen, heady charm of coloring and vitality, and the native sweetness of temper which was revealed by every line and expression?

THEY talked all sorts of intimate, everyday things, sitting there together in Phoebe's little room with its old white furniture wreathed in roses of blue.

"Tell me, Phoebe," Mary said suddenly, "what did you think of Richard? Did you see much of him?" Phoebe changed color so violently and her eyes dilated so that Mary thought: "She dislikes him and is afraid of him." "I don't believe you like Master Richard any more than I do, Phoebe," she said, smiling.

The girl hesitated a moment, and then said in a low voice: "Why don't you like him, Cousin Mary?" Mary looked considerably at her for a moment, and then she said: "I believe I'll just speak out to you, dear,



"Was he—rude to you?" asked Mary gravely. There was a slight pause. "He—he—made fun of me," said Phoebe at last, almost inaudibly.

"Well, after all," said Owen thoughtfully, "a friendship like ours is one of the best things in life."

"Indeed it is," she said heartily. As the trap emerged from Hollybrook Wood, Phoebe, watching from her window for the first cloud of dust, saw it at once, and her heart began to beat violently.

because you will probably be brought into close relations with him, and it's just as well that he shouldn't bemuse you as he does most women. He's a clever trickster, is Master Richard, and that's the truth, my dear. He's very clever indeed, but he's a trickster, and never so happy as when he's leading some unsuspecting woman by her pretty nose to worship at his altar. And he's the most finished egoist I ever knew, and I'm afraid that he's very false. Perhaps I oughtn't to prejudice you like this, but I can't bear to think of Richard's winning you for a possible disciple. You see, he turns up his very handsome and silly nose at Owen—"

"How dare he?" cried Phoebe, starting up. Her eyes looked as black as Sally's in her white face. Mary drew her down again, much amused. "Why, what a little fire eater!" she said. "Wait till you know the gifted Richard better. He probably looks down in his thought on the Christ as a sort of gifted young fanatic with bourgeois ideas of fellow love. Just how cruel one can be with perfect sang-froid in the pursuit of one's own desires is his measure for strength of character, I fancy!"

"How dare he look down on—on—Cousin Owen?" burst forth Phoebe again.

"If you ask me," said Mary, laughing outright this time, "I think it's because he's really a donkey in spite of his cleverness. He'd be sure to make a mess of any serious issue in his life, and his opinions of people aren't worth that!" And she snapped her slender finger and thumb as deftly as a schoolboy.

"HE ISN'T worthy," said Phoebe, her breast heaving, "he isn't worthy to scrub the ground where Cousin Owen has trodden!"

"Phoebe," said Mary, the little dance beginning in her eyes, "are you going to continue calling Owen 'Cousin Owen' after you are Mrs. Randolph?"

"Oh, Cousin Mary!" cried Phoebe, one flame, and she slid down by the chair on which Mary was seated and hid her face in her lap.

"Do you love him so much, little Phoebe?" she said very gently.

Phoebe lifted a face so transfigured that it reminded Mary of the face of Stephen when a gaping crowd had seen it change and become "as the face of an angel." Almost holy was the expression of Phoebe's white, glowing face. "It's more than love—I worship him the way I ought to worship God!" she cried.

"Oh, my little child! Take care—take care!" said Mary, a clutch of pitiful tenderness at her heart. "The woman who loves a man like that throws herself bound into the furnace."

"I'd be thrown bound into hell for him!" said Phoebe in a low, concentrated voice; and in the blindness of her simplicity not even for a fleeting second did it now cross her mind that her conduct was inconsistent with this devotion. A great Russian has truly said that "as a general rule people, even the wicked, are much more naïf and simple-hearted than we suppose."

Mary shuddered and drew her sharply up beside her. "Don't, dear," she said. "It hurts me to hear you talk like that."

"You don't know—you don't know—" said Phoebe, hiding her face in her hands and beginning to shiver also. "I—I can't explain—but that's the way I feel, and nothing can ever, ever change it!"

WHEN they went downstairs again they found Owen and Mr. Nelson seriously poring over some papers which lay between them on one of the little tables. The old gentleman welcomed Mary warmly.

"I suppose my little girl has been telling you of the very gratifying and happy change that is to take place in her life so soon now," he said, retaining Mary's hand a moment and looking up at her rather wistfully.

"Owen—our kinsman has requested me to call him by his Christian name—Owen wishes the wedding to take place this coming Monday, as the French steamer sails on Wednesday, and he is very anxious to take Phoebe away from the scene of her late illness. My child," he continued, addressing Phoebe, "you will share your life with one of the most generous of men. These marriage settlements that—"

"Please—" said Owen with a hot blush, putting his hand over the papers.

"Well, well," said the old gentleman indulgently, "I will respect your modesty. It is a rare enough asset, nowadays, if all that is told me be true."

"WHAT about your wedding dress, Phoebe?" asked Mary suddenly.

"I—I'm not going to have one, Cousin Mary," said the girl, white now instead of rosy.

"No wedding dress and veil?" cried Mary. "But if I'm to act mamma to you I really can't allow such a breach of tradition!"

"No—please, Cousin Mary—please," pleaded the girl, catching her by the arm, such a passion almost as of terror in her dilating eyes that Mary was startled.

Owen came to the poor child's rescue.

"I've asked her not to, Mary," he said. "I hate all that sort of bridal pomp. Why couldn't she be mar-

her eyes. "Everyone is good to me—oh, much, much too good to me. I don't deserve any of it—not any of it."

And to Mary's dismay she caught her under lip in her teeth, and began to struggle with sobs that would rise in spite of her. She looked so pale now that Mary came to the swift conclusion that the excitement of their visit and the allusions to her wedding had been too much for her strength after her recent grave illness.

"There—there—" she soothed, patting the quivering shoulders as she would have done a child's. "Go up to your little blue rose room and lie down. I shall take Owen away now. We've stayed too long as it is. I see well why he wants to get you away in such a hurry. This illness has played all sorts of pranks with your nerves. Go and rest now, and I'll bring over the white chiffon to-morrow."

She went over alone next morning with the white chiffon gown, thinking with sad whimsicality how odd it was that Owen's bride should be going to wear one of her dresses at the altar.

Phoebe was much calmer to-day, and, though the lack of excitement left her face colorless and a little wan, Mary thought her even lovelier than before. The girl's almost pathetic appreciation of her gift won all her loving heart.

ONLY one jar she had during that visit, and that was when her uncle alluded to Richard's portrait of Phoebe and insisted on Phoebe's getting it out for Mary to see.

The girl changed color in the painful way of the day before and said in the low tone that Mary had already learned meant inner distress:

"I can't, father. Cousin Owen had it packed Wednesday to send to New York."

"You will see it there, then, my dear Mary," the old gentleman said cheerfully. "I imagine that you will not find it a very good likeness."

When Mary and Phoebe were in the latter's bedroom, trying on the chiffon gown, Mary said as she pinned the folds into place:

"Phoebe, dear, why didn't you tell me yesterday that Richard had painted your portrait?"

There was a certain reproach in her kind voice.

Phoebe answered again in that low tone:

"I hate that picture, Cousin Mary. I hate talking about it."

"But you let me say all those things, dear, without giving me a hint that you had seen him so often."

"I despise him—I can't bear to talk about him."

TRY as she would to prevent it, a little rigor ran over her.

"Was he—rude to you?" asked Mary gravely.

There was a slight pause.

"He—he—made fun of me," said Phoebe at last, almost inaudibly.

There was such bitterness in the

young, stifled voice that Mary thought she had the clue. "I see," she told herself. "He ridiculed all her girlish ideals and made his usual offensive remarks about decency and religion and all the virtues—quite enough to make a romantic young girl 'despise him,' as we Virginians say." She decided not to press the matter further, and merely said:

"I'm glad you don't like him, dear. I was afraid that you might have been impressed by his gorgeous paradoxes. He looks at life through very ugly spectacles, does Richard."

Phoebe said nothing, and when Mary had finished pinning the gown into place, they sat near the window and sewed on it together.

Mary thought the picture of the young girl sewing on her wedding dress, with the great crow perched in his usual place on her shoulder, singularly striking. "Ominous," she felt the superstitious would have called it. "Phoebe," she said suddenly, returning to the subject that she had meant to dismiss entirely, "how did Richard paint you?"

"In a gold gown," said Phoebe, her voice again sinking.

"With the crow?" asked Mary intuitively.

"Yes."

"He would," said Mary, and she smiled, dropping the subject this time for good. (Continued on page 25)

The Old Musician

By CHARLES BADGER CLARK, Jr.

YOU do not hear

The dreary dripping of the rain,
Nor will you hear the startled nurse's call
When she shall come and find you lying here,
Your grizzled cheek against the stony floor—
Listening? Listening?

Your years were all a listening,
A seeking through the clash and cry of things
To catch full toned some half-heard melody,
Ever recurring, ever lost again,
Till often in your passionate despite
You smote flat handed on the keys of life
And matched the jangling music of the world.
Ay, 'twas a sad, mad symphony you played,
Gashed through with crashing dissonance and
dying here

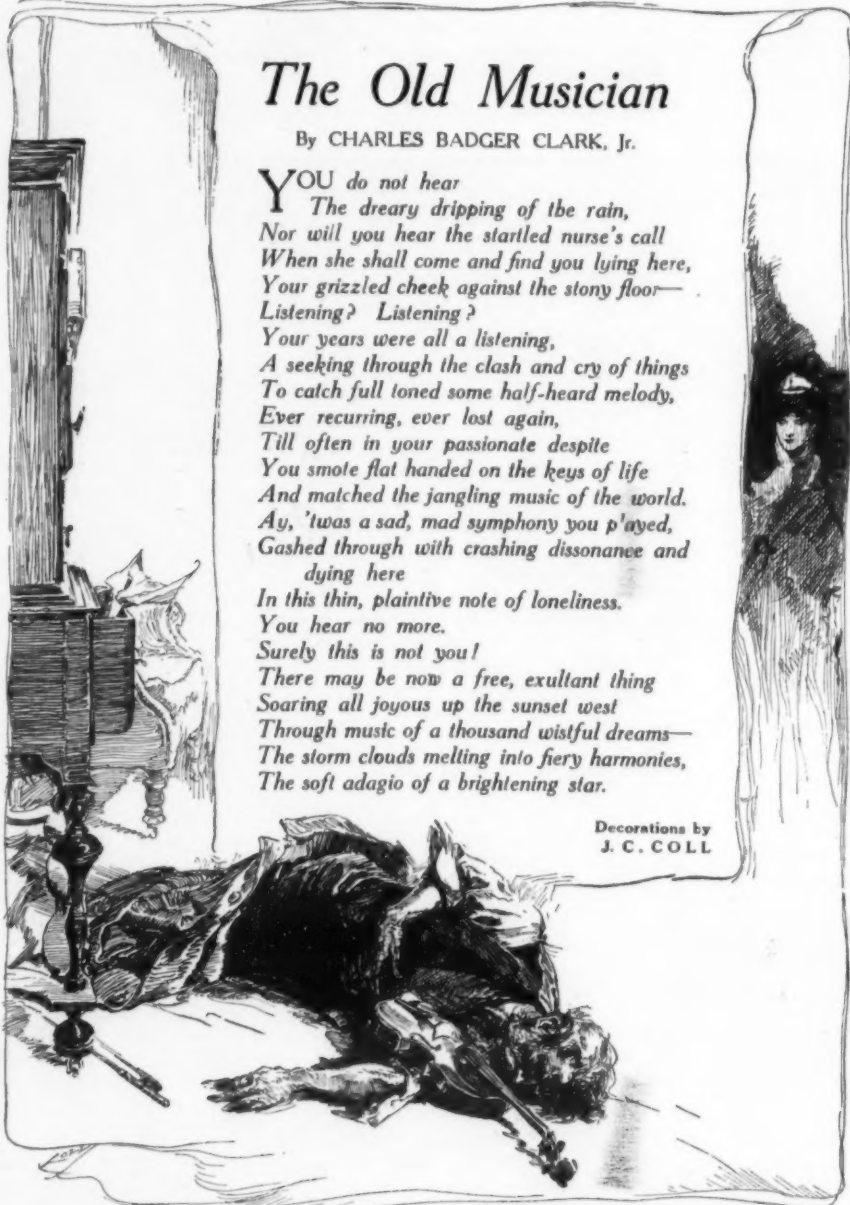
In this thin, plaintive note of loneliness.

You hear no more.

Surely this is not you!

There may be now a free, exultant thing
Soaring all joyous up the sunset west
Through music of a thousand wistful dreams—
The storm clouds melting into fiery harmonies,
The soft adagio of a brightening star.

Decorations by
J. C. COLL



ried in the gown she has on? It's quite lovely, I think."

"Oh, no!" cried Mary. "Yellow's foreworn—don't you remember?"

She quoted the old rhyme:

"Green is forsaken,
Yellow's foreworn;
Blue's the sweetest color that's worn."

"Why not the Virgin's colors—blue and white? She would look a perfect sweet in blue and white!"

Phoebe changed color so rapidly that Mary could only account for this overemotionalism by the fact that she had not entirely recovered from her illness.

"Listen, Phoebe dear," she said, drawing the girl to her: "Let's send Owen back to talk to Uncle Thomas, and I'll tell you a nice plan I've thought of."

SHE gave Owen a look, over Phoebe's head, that sent him back to Mr. Nelson's chair at the other end of the room. Then she said: "Darling, I've a really sweet white chiffon gown that I've never worn but once. I'm a famous seamstress, and I can fit it to you in a morning. You shall just wear that and some of the lovely white roses I saw in your garden as we came up."

"Oh, thank you, dear, dear Cousin Mary! How good you are to me!" said the girl, a mist of gratitude in

Bobby Liscum's Mother



By Louise Forsslund

ILLUSTRATED BY MAGINEL WRIGHT ENRIGHT

HAD you been a neighbor of Mrs. Liscum, living on that narrow Long Island lane which leads through meadowy pastures down to Willow Creek, you would have followed the example of the other neighbors and called her husband "a poor coot enough," and, so calling, you would have pitied the wife. You would have pitied her for having to live in a house which seemed to lean a tipsy old head against the shoulder of the north wind, as do the trees along the edge of the bay, and a house, moreover, whose window lights had been snuffed out, many of them, by bunches of rags, and whose roof leaked impartially in winter snows or in those summer thunderstorms which sorely tried Mrs. Liscum's all but dauntless courage. You would have pitied her because her hands never quite lost the odor of soap-suds, and her face was tanned and bronzed from exposure to the weather in all seasons under the relentless gray streaks of the clothesline. But, most of all—unless you saw deeper than the other neighbors—you would have pitied her for the eleven lusty youthful mouths she had to feed, the eleven pair of ever-growing feet she had to keep in soles and patches, all those childish bodies she had to cover, and those unformed minds and souls she had to train—if she could find the time!

PITY her! Of course her smile, her hearty laugh, were worth going out of your way to see and hear. Then there were her shapely arms, almost big enough and soft and firm enough to comfort within their folds all the eleven children at once, and that poor, shiftless, well-meaning little patch of a husband besides. And, oh, the size of her motherly lap! And the wonderful peace to be bestowed upon any troubled little head that might come flying to its place upon her breast! She had a manner of looking at you when grief came your way—or hers—and of saying in her rich, generous voice, all sympathy yet all trusting resignation: "Waal, say! Thar's trouble enough to go round, say, hain't thar?"

It was her simple way of attesting: "Thy fate is but the common fate of all"; but there never was a poet who could smile with greater sweetness than she smiled when, though it might be with eyes all tear bedimmed, she spoke of trouble.

Yet this mother was by no means perfect, by no means always the same big, cheery body. Her husband vowed that she had a "pesky temper" when she was "riled up," and there were times when you would hear her voice raised in anger as you passed the house, and even times when you would hear her calling to one of the eleven:

"Come right straight here or I'll break your neck!"
Break your neck! More likely kiss it softly just beneath the fringe of baby curls at the nape and murmur: "Any honey fer mother ter-day?"

ONE day, when the "pesky temper" had been goaded forth into action, Miss Anne happened to be passing, and Mrs. Liscum almost took her breath away by leaning elbows on the fence and crying out impatiently:

"Oh, ef I could only git away from all these here younguns fer a while!"

The black-headed twin was clinging to one side of her skirt while she spoke, and the red-headed twin was clinging to the other. Mrs. Liscum's husband always proudly declared that no other woman on the face of the earth could have pulled through the tribulations of infancy a red-headed and a black-headed twin. One boy was yelling hard as he peeked around the edge of his mother's skirt at the other chap: "Yed head! Yed head! Yed head!" while his brother was retorting with the same degree of contempt: "Oo's a old stove-blackin' numskull!"

Mrs. Liscum twitched her skirts impatiently and tried once more to shatter ideals by calling:

"Shut up! Both o' yer! Or I'll break yer necks!"

The twins had not yet discovered how to determine when that threat meant a spanking and when it did not, so for safety's sake they always took to their heels whenever it was uttered. Now they joined hands and went scurrying away to the corner of the garden where stood the crooked old pear tree.

THE pear tree this morning was alive with a flock of twittering blackbirds, and the red-headed twin, straightway picking up a stick, stared into the tree top and screamed:

"Come down here, birdie, or I'll break oo neck. Ef oo come down I won't hurt oo. But ef oo don't come down I'll fow this stick an' break oo neck."

Mrs. Liscum, not so much as hearing her imitative twin, leaned more comfortably on the fence and volunteered: "The baby's asleep now, thank the Lord! He tried to swaller that air loose end of the clothesline this mornin', an' it seemed to turn his stummick. I had a dretful time with the pore youngun. Then Medrith thought she'd keep up with him, an' she up an' swallered a penny what I give her fer a slate pencil. Ef it had been a candy penny I wouldn't 'a' cared, but it does seem sech a dretful waste to go an' swaller a slate-pencil penny. An' then Alexander," went on Mrs. Liscum, "he fell in the bay last night an' he can't swim a stroke—never did have no gumption 'bout swimmin' somehow—and Bill, he jumped in after him with his hat on, an' I guess the hat's pretty waal acquainted with Fire Island Light by this time. I tol' Alexander that it was a very funny thing ter me that Bill's hat could float better'n he could swim. But whar that youngun's a-goin' ter git a new hat, by guy, I dunno!"

MRS. LISCUM paused, gazing with a sadly worried air across the meadows which had begun to clothe themselves with the tender green of the springtime. After a moment, however, she glanced up, her eyes bright and bonny, her wholesome smile going as straight as sunlight into the dark places of

That afternoon eight radiant, shy, and shabby children came tripping over one another's heels into Miss Anne's front gate



the heart: "Waal, say! Thar's trouble enough to go round, say, hain't thar?" and then, the smile disappearing, she added wearily: "'Pears to me sometimes as ef I'd like to go 'way off in the middle o' them air medders an' holler—I git so tired of a-havin' forty-seven younguns a-draggin' at my heels, an' ter-day is Sat'dy, tew."

MISS ANNE knew that she must be very tired to find the heart to talk like this—big, generous, whole-souled mother that she was!—and so Miss Anne volunteered to attempt to dispose of the children for a whole half day. She herself would give the eight older ones a little party with layer cake and real true ice cream. At first Mrs. Liscum looked, both hungry and delighted, and then she shook her head dubiously:

"Thar hain't but one Sunday dress in the hull outfit o' gals. Yer see this is sort o' in-between seasons—neither hay ner grass. I had ter take their winter Sunday dresses fer every day along in March, an' I hain't fixed over their last year's white ones yit."

"Well, never you mind," argued Miss Anne, "this is to be an everyday party—a Saturday morning dress party on Saturday afternoon, Mrs. Liscum."

But Mrs. Liscum was still troubled. She looked down at the paintless fence rail for a few moments, then up into her neighbor's eyes with anxious inquiry:

"Say, neow do you s'pose that youngun'll look like a numskull a-goin' ter a party in his father's Sunday hat? I guess mebbe it won't reach no further than his chin."

KNOWING the quality of Mr. Liscum's Sunday hat, the lady bravely suggested:

"Maybe you can take a tuck under the band?"

"So I kin! So I kin!" Mrs. Liscum now began to enter into the spirit of the game. "But that leaves the twins yit—I couldn't trust them nowhar in company with eight other Liscums."

She turned about with an apprehensive glance, but only to discover the twins sitting on the ground in front of the rabbit pen, face to face, sticking their tongues out at each other. No, though this in itself was a harmless amusement, Miss Anne knew that she could not include the twins in her invitations with any hope of preserving peace in the camp that afternoon.

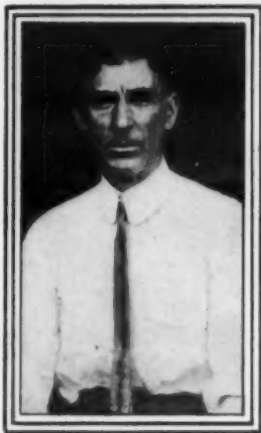
"Let Addie Bell Brown take them," she suggested at last. "The moths have begun to get into her stuffed cats. She says that settles the question of preserved pets for her, and she's going to throw them all into

The Jinx

AN UNUSUAL BASEBALL STORY

By Henry Beach Needham

Will begin in Collier's January 31st
and will be concluded in
the February 7th
Collier's



To a baseball man who has read nothing but straight baseball articles and who has in mind the players before the public today, it is surprising to find something different—a fiction story with unfamiliar names, yet with live players, which keeps your attention from beginning to end, making you sit on the edge of your chair while you're reading it.

A manager has to see some one hundred and fifty games a year, and while we always want to win, and try to win, it isn't every game, however close the score, that gets us worked up and excited. It surprises me how the games described in "The Jinx" keep you guessing. I don't see how baseball can be made so interesting in a fiction story.

I regard "The Jinx" as the best baseball story I ever read, and a wonderfully good story aside from its baseball feature. It certainly grips you, and that would apply as much to the person who never goes to ball games. I can recommend "The Jinx" as a remarkably absorbing story.

Sincerely yours,

CONNIE MACK.



I want to say to begin with, that "The Jinx," in my opinion, is the best piece of baseball fiction ever written. I do not know when I have read a story that has to do with baseball which has held my attention so undividedly.

The most striking thing about the story in general to me is the remarkable manner in which the writer has depicted the characters, and the vivid similarity, even of the personalities of the individuals, which he has maintained. The conversation between Bill Dart and Tris Ford in the opening of Part I, and the latter in his talks with the newspaper men, is certainly a true representation of the brainiest man in baseball.

I appreciate very much this opportunity you have afforded me of reading this interesting story, and I feel sure that it will meet with all the success that it deserves.

Very truly yours,

EDWARD T. COLLINS.

The Fan has heaped criticism upon the generality of baseball fiction.

Is Mr. Needham's story fan-proof and diamond-wise?

That's the question we asked ourselves right away, and while we didn't have any doubt about the answer (we also are of the tribe of fans) we knew our word alone wouldn't count. So we asked four of the most commanding figures in baseball to read the story in proof and tell us what they thought of it. We print their letters of reply in full.

The four were:—

"**Connie Mack**"—sometimes, not often, Cornelius McGillicuddy—the manager and half-owner of the World's Champions. Since he organized the Athletics in 1901, "Connie Mack" has captured five pennants in the American League. He has also won three World's Championships—a record no other manager has ever equaled.

B. B. Johnson, the founder and, since its beginning, the President of the American League. It was "Ban" Johnson who eradicated rowdiness and umpire-baiting from professional baseball, saving the National game, as Hulbert did in the seventies.

Edward T. Collins, the second baseman, heavy-sticker and daring base-runner of the Philadelphia Athletics, Champions of the World, and the king-pin of the popularly-called "hundred thousand dollar infield." After the World's Series last fall, John J. McGraw, manager of the New York "Giants," publicly acclaimed "Eddie" Collins as "the greatest ball player in the world."

John K. Tener, Governor of Pennsylvania, the newly elected President of the National League. He is exceedingly proud of the fact that he pitched for "Cap." Anson's White Stockings and toured the world, in 1888-89, with the Chicago and All-American ball teams.

I have read with much interest Henry Beach Needham's story "The Jinx." It is cleverly conceived and skillfully executed. The writer has a keen knowledge of the whims of the average ball fan. The mystery hanging over Bill Dart, hero of the diamond, will appeal to every lover of the game.

Mr. Needham's conception of the inside workings of a high professional club, and the players' superstitions, plainly show a diligent study of the subject, and are not overdrawn. We are deeply indebted to the author and to Collier's for this splendid production,—the best that has been offered to the fans and general readers.

Sincerely yours,

B. B. JOHNSON.



Mr. Needham's story "The Jinx," which I have just completely read and enjoyed, "furnishes fine food for fans," is clever and must interest all who appreciate baseball "fictionized."

Wherein Mr. Needham refers to real baseball, he is technically correct in his description of the game.

Very truly yours,

JOHN K. TENER.

Another of Mr. Needham's baseball stories, "A Treeful of Owls," will appear in Collier's of February 14th

the bay. Now she might just as well give those youngsters a good time with them first."

"I heerd tell that she went an' turned them all out into the woodshed after her mother died. That was a pretty lot o' truck fer the old lady to go an' will her—a parcel o' stuffed cats!"

"That settles it," Miss Anne announced, "the twins spend the afternoon in Addie Bell's woodshed."

"I wonder how Addie Bell will take it?" suggested Mrs. Liscum with a twinkle in her eye as the twins suddenly scrambled to their feet and made a rush back to the fence.

"Ma, Yed Head says his tongue's longer'n mine!"

"Ma, Black Mug says I got warts on my tongue!"

"There, children," Miss Anne protested, "would you like to play with Miss Addie Bell's stuffed cats this afternoon?"

"Bet oo! Bet oo!" they gurgled together. Then instantly the red-headed one cried: "Do they *meow*?" And the little black-headed brother demanded: "Be dey stuffed with victuals or sawdust?"

"Poor Addie Bell Brown!"

"Yes, yes!" assented Mrs. Liscum. "Pore Addie Bell!" However, the mother's mouth was now stretched in a broad grin, as if she were going through one gate after another toward the entrance of a circus, sure that she would reach the rings in time if she only held fast to her ticket, and Miss Anne were the ticket. "Thar's the baby left," she suggested pleasantly.

THE baby! A mere infant with a selfish propensity for acting as if he were the first and not the twelfth baby that ever entered into the house of Liscum. Just then a pleasant broad Irish voice called out: "Mornin'! Howdy?" and Mrs. O'Grady, the new neighbor from down the road, joined them at the fence. She had an army of red-headed children of her own, but when she was told of their perplexity she cried with genuine heartiness: "O'll tolke the baby fer the awfternoon—to be shure O'll will! And O'll consider it a great favor for yez to lit me have him."

"But," protested Mrs. Liscum, "I have to feed him every two hours."

"Dade an' yez do, eh? Waal, ye won't ter-day. Ye tolke the hull awfternoon off or nothin'. My baby's got every bit as hearty a mother as yours, an' I always was disappointed in the sculawag because he wasn't twins. It'll be a rare pleasure to tolke kere of the two o' thim together."

Mrs. Liscum began to look almost as if she wished she had lost the circus ticket, but after a moment she smiled that broad, lovely, grateful smile of hers and told both Mrs. O'Grady and Miss Anne that they were neighbors worth having, and Liscum thought so, too. That afternoon eight radiant, shy, and shabby children came tripping over one another's heels into Miss Anne's front gate; a pair of twins, one with a wicked red head and one with an equally wicked black head, went trudging sturdily up to Addie Bell's woodshed door; and Mrs. Liscum sat in the window and watched the baby go blissfully bouncing down the lane on the broad, almost manly shoulder of the delighted Mrs. O'Grady.

THEN came a great stillness under the roof of the leaning gray old dwelling that Mrs. Liscum called home. She had not been aware of such a stillness since the night little Liscum told her that he loved her, with a painful, honest creak in his voice, like the creaking of a resurrected piece of old machinery; and every heart in the world had seemed to stop its beating before she could bring from out of the depths of her own heart the "Yes" which had been waiting for his bashful declaration.

She sat down in the rocking chair and put her broad feet—those feet which were ever running in the service of another—up on the seat of the little low chair which belonged half to one twin and half to the other. She sighed softly, and, with lips slightly parted, she fell asleep.

At a quarter of three mother suddenly sat up straight, her feet falling with a thump on the floor; and then, before her eyes were fully opened, those long-accustomed feet carried her as straight as a mother-bird's wings to the still and silent cradle wherein she had rocked twelve little Liscums.

No baby there! For one moment a feeling of terror grasped hold of the mother, and then her comfortable laugh bubbled forth. Baby, twins, all the children, away for the afternoon and she had three

hours of undisturbed peace before her. Quickly she set that untidy room to rights, picking up the hundred belongings of little ones which had been strewn all over the place during the preparations for the afternoon. And all the while she worked she sang softly: "Bye, Baby Bunting," as if the Baby Bunting of today were lying in the cradle quarrelling with sleep.

QUARTER past three and the work was all done. Children certainly hinder more than they help. Now she could do her mending without having to stop seventeen times in eighteen minutes to sew up the ragged edges of somebody's temper. She stooped down before the three-legged dresser that had belonged to her grandmother and opened the lower drawer. There was a huge bundle of garments to be patched and darned and given new buttons. She lifted the bundle out and placed it on the twins' chair. Then, sinking to her knees, she waited as still as a statue and gazed down into the drawer. Very gently and reverently she at last put her hand away back and drew out a child's shabby, dirty, torn, old red necktie and a rusty, little, soft, old black hat. She tucked her feet under her like a tailor and held the two articles in her lap—a little boy's necktie and a little boy's time-worn hat!—that was all, but the little boy lay under a tiny gray stone in the graveyard, and he had been the first of all her twelve children.

"Bobby!" she murmured, and laid the red tie against her cheek. And again: "Bobby!" as she crushed the black hat against her breast. She could see his round, shining face looking up into hers as she tied the red bows under his dimpled chin. She could see his big, adoring, but mischievous eyes staring into hers as she set the hat straight upon his head. "Now, Bobby, take it off when you meet the teacher!"

"Yes, ma'am! Like this!" And she could see the brave, winsome smile with which he would swing the hat off his blond and curly head. Then she could see him coming home again, his red tie under his ear and his hat all askew.

"Did you tip your hat to teacher, Bobby?" She could see him hang his head shamefacedly and knew that once more shyness had kept him from playing the part of a little gentleman. Then would come that childishly absurd prevarication: "I forgot whether I ought ter take off my hat or my necktie, mummer." Who could punish him after that? Who could do otherwise than put the hat aside and cover the embarrassed little face with kisses? The mother looked down at the hat and her eyes grew wide with an unwelcome perception. "Why, this here hat would jest fit Billy!"

THE thought seemed so traitorous, however, after all her years of secret cherishing that she put it from her. "Bobby, how many eggs to-night?" She could see the child standing bare-headed before her, the hat clutched tightly in his two grimy hands and filled with the eggs that he had gathered. She could hear his excited little voice piping: "Thar's a double yelker ter-night an' that's fer me an' a weeny, weeny banty egg fer sister, an' Speckly's been an' stole a nest in the hedge!"

Mrs. Liscum clutched the hat very tightly as Bobby had used to clutch it on either side of the brim; but there were no eggs in the hat now, only the memory of many tears. "Bobby, you've been and tore the brim!" She could see his eyes open very wide, and with an air of intense surprise, as they always opened in the face of an error discovered.

"Why, have I?" he quavered. "It must have been that there barb-wire fence."

"Oh, Bobby, Bobby! You were too perfectly imperfect to go away so soon!"

BILLY looked more like Bobby than any of the other children and this hat would just fit Billy. Again the thought had come and this time it did not seem so traitorous. Billy really needed the hat and Bobby had no need of anything now. The mother turned the hat over and with the tender mother touch, she dented in the crown. "Shall I let Billy have your hat, Bobby?" she whispered. And she seemed to hear him answer: "It will be mine more than ever then." With a sigh of renunciation, for she was opening the door of her dream chamber to the world, the mother laid the hat on top of the mending pile and then with passionate good-by kisses, she tucked the ragged little necktie back into the drawer.

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a clear conscience," she said to herself. "You're so poor that even poor folks don't need to use you. Good-by, Bobby," and she softly closed the drawer.

Only twenty minutes had passed. It was twenty-five minutes of four and she had told Mrs. O'Grady to feed the baby at eight minutes to four sharp. The mother sat down and took up her mending. Buttons, buttons, buttons, always missing! What did those children do with all their buttons? She took up her mending and reflected that the house was very quiet. She had wanted to yell at the top of her lungs for a long time and now she would do it. The neighbors were too far away to hear.

"Yo, yo, yo, yo, yo!" yelled Mrs. Liscum, grinning gleefully over her own childishness. A piece of plaster that had been waiting for some such excuse fell from the ceiling and Bobby's hat tumbled off the pile of mending. Very much ashamed of herself and earnestly hoping that no one had been passing at that moment, Mrs. Liscum stooped down to pick up the hat. At the touch of the rusty-black felt, a sensation that she had not experienced for years swept through her. She could feel herself trembling with the betrothal kiss upon her lips, she could feel the holy joy of motherhood with that first child's mouth against her breast.

"Bobby!" she cried. Why, Bobby had come back to her again and again. It was that she had forgotten, grown callous in the midst of her blessings. She gave one look at the watch—eleven minutes to four—and then she ran quickly out of the room, through the yard, down the lane, as fast as she could go toward Mrs. O'Grady's. "The baby! I want my baby!" she cried, sobbing as she ran. And when she came through Mrs. O'Grady's open doorway, almost falling on the threshold, she was crying: "The baby! Have you been an' fed him yet?"

The baby answered for himself in the first words that he had been heard to utter. Struggling, furious, tear-stained in Mrs. O'Grady's arms, he was crying, "No, no, no, no!" His mother seized him and caught him close to her own breast. His little hands clutched at the dear bosom. His little head snuggled down to its place. The child grew very quiet, then murmured contentedly: "Ma-ma, ma-ma!"

MRS. LISCUM'S heart gave a great bound beneath the little golden head. She bent her face far over the child that no one might see what was written there. She felt herself scarcely more than a little girl mother once again thrilling with the new passion of motherhood while the wee, small Bobby placed his lips against her breast.

Shorty's Victorious Maneuvers

(Continued from page 9)

an' I'd rather trust to him sick than most any other horse well. That crazy rush through the woods was beginnin' to make him wheeze some, but he kept right up an' galloped as big a wallop as any. Every few minutes there'd be a crash an' a howl, an' some horse would fall an' another would stumble over him, or a fellow would get swept off by a branch comin' back on the rebound, an' there would be a sweet mess; but nobody stopped except, as the reporters would say, "those parties directly concerned." And they were supposed to get up an' come on again as quickly as they could. Every minute I thought I'd go off, 'cause it was no use tryin' to dodge; nothin' to see to dodge from, so I just lay low an' prayed an' trusted to Peppermint Drop.

An' so we kept on at that killin' pace for nearly two hours, borin' into the darkness an' prayin' for rest an' daylight. At last, when we'd about given up hope, they came. Shorty stopped in a clearin' an' ordered a halt, an' as we came out from the shadow of the woods we could see the dawn was breakin'. We saw somethin' else, too, that was about the sorriest-lookin' gang of rough-necks I ever hope to behold, an' the horses were in the same class. Why some of us weren't killed is beyond me, but a stunt like that was just p' for Shorty; wasn't often he had the excuse an' the opportunity. There was hardly a bat in the troop, an' as for clothes—what with briars an' branches an' the mud an' dirt of the tumbles, most everybody was busted an' ripped an' covered an' plastered an' had big welts an' bleedin' scratches all over their hands an' faces. Nearly every horse had skinned knees an' was black with sweat an' spotted with foam, an' their heads hung down as if they never wanted to move again. We rested there in the clearin' till it was broad daylight, an' wiped off the horses with grass an' hand rubbed their legs. But Shorty didn't rest any—not he! He went prowlin' around by his lonesome just like a fox terrier goes pokin' his nose into everything, an' after a bit he came back on the broad grin.

"Less noise, men," he says; "there's a battalion of the Fifth Massachusetts eatin' breakfast along the roadside not eight hundred yards away. We could easy capture 'em, 'cause they're sittin' there innocent as babes with no pickets out; but we're not out to bag dinky millish; we want to get our guidon back. What this outfit really needs is hats. H-a-t-s, hats. Mount now an' do as I do!"

THOSE yaps were squattin' unfearin' an' peaceful, eatin' their hardtack an' sowlbelly an' havin' coffee served out in a long row at the side of the road when J Troop burst yellin' down the bank an' drove straight at 'em. They were paralyzed an' couldn't move from fright an' surprise.

"Follow me!" yelled Shorty. "Do as I do!" an' he leaned down an' yanked

the hat off a little sergeant. Every man followed suit an' picked a hat off as he dashed by. It was like a tournament of a who-gets-the-gold-ring merry-go-round. I was a little late at the getaway, an' a few of us came chargin' along with a little interval between us an' Shorty's first rush. By that time the Fifth Massachusetts was beginnin' to recover.

"Hold on to your hats, boys," calls a captain, "here comes some more of 'em!" But holdin' on didn't do any good; we wrenched 'em off easy. It was like takin' candy from a child. You see, it was goin' to be a hot day an' we had sabb enough to know how badly we'd need those hats; so as long as Shorty had set us the example it was no use arguin' about our method of gettin' 'em. But anybody watchin' us at breakfast a bit later might have been surprised to see a troop of U. S. horse with sky-blue hat cords an' "Fifth Mass." in the front. No, they never followed us to try an' recover their property. They probably thought us loco an' were scared to tackle us. No, I haven't any prejudice against the militia. They do as well as anyone can with the trainin' they don't get. 'Tisn't their business, so what can you expect? But they do some right fool stunts. I'll never forget hearin' a Lieutenant at dress parade say to his Top:

"Sergeant, oh, Sergeant, please tell that man kindly dress to the right!"

About noon we took part in a general charge of cavalry. But Lord! it seemed tame as milk an' water to us after all we'd gone through.

JUST before the order came to charge, Shorty came up to me.

"Look here, Sergeant," he said, "there doesn't seem to be any livin' chance of our comin' up with J of the Seventh, so let's us two go out an' hustle. The troop could never do it before three o'clock [that was the time for suspendin' hostilities], but we might be able to find 'em. When the charge comes, get lost in the shuffle, let your horse go. I'll join you afterward, an' between us we'll get that guidon back or go to Hades. I hate to leave the troop, but Whitney's rankin'-duty Sergeant now, an' I guess he can handle 'em on the march back to camp." Shorty was as dead serious about gettin' that guidon back as he would have been in real war time if they had captured one of our men an' were goin' to shoot him for a spy.

"Very well, sir," I said, an' suddenly it struck me if Whitehall could get in on this deal an' help out on the guidon business it might help him a lot with Shorty, for, as I said, Shorty takes play of this sort just as seriously as he does work—in fact, he considers it part of his work an' is every bit as keen in it. So I called the Kid over an' put him on.

"Trail us," I said, "an' see if you can't help out at the time we need help most."

When the charge did come I managed to fall off my horse an' creep into a gully grown over with tall grass. There I lay flat an' waited for Shorty



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to turn up; an' he didn't keep me waitin' long either. Pretty soon I heard a rustlin' an' grass near me began to wave, an' then Shorty's broad little face with its high cheek bones, squinty eyes, an' stringy, droopy mustache, peers out at me.

"S-s-s-st! Hombre!" says he. "Lie still till the coast's clear."

An' so there we lay till the "tumult an' the shoutin' died," an' the captains an' the kings had departed an' we could wiggle out without fear of detection. We scouted an' nosed round for upward of an hour, dodgin' infantry an' cavalry, but no J of the Seventh did we see. I didn't see any Whitehall either. He must have been keepin' mighty good cover. I was just as glad that he was foxy enough to keep off the sky line at the time, an' after that I was too much occupied with my own affairs to bother about him. All of a sudden, as we were goin' through a barnyard, I peeked around the corner of a chicken house, an' there, comin' straight at us, was the whole troop—J of the Seventh—canterin' over a field with guidon straight out against the sky.

"What'll we do?" I whispered to Shorty, 'cause there was no way to get into the chicken house; besides, it was too little an' there was no other cover nearer than the farmhouse, an' they'd surely see us if we ran back there. But there was a big haystack right back of the chicken house, an' Shorty began pullin' hay out of it an' makin' a hole in its side.

"Help me!" he said, an' the two of us tore at it until the hole was large enough, an' then we got inside an' hauled the hay in after us. It was dark an' stuffy in there an' hot as blazes; all those blades of hay seemed to radiate heat. Ever been in a cornfield on a sunny day? Well, that wasn't a patch to the heat inside the haystack. We couldn't see very well from our burrow, but we were listenin' with ears forward, an' when we heard some of the men sit down in the shade of the haystack to rest we were about scared to breathe. Nice thing it would be, wouldn't it, to have our hated rivals not only swipe our guidon, but capture the Captain an' Top Cutter of J of the Eighteenth, too?

THE men sittin' there began to light up their cigarettes an' chin some. A soldado always has his book of papers an' bag of smokin' packed along, an' he uses 'em at every possible interval, even the rests from drill. We lay there sniffin' their bum tobacco—it was on the fritz—prayin' they wouldn't set the hay on fire an' tryin' to make out what they were sayin'. One of 'em was fussin' 'cause he had burned the fork of his hand on his hot rifle barrel, an' another lad was joshin' him about it.

"You crazy gazabo," he says, "ain't you got no more sense than to do a damn-fool thing like that?"

"Well, I fergot," growled the first—an' he sounded like a kid—"an', anyways, I fought some an' I ain't no quartermaster's mug."

"Listen to the rook! Much he knows about fightin'. Can't even put up his dukes to guard himself. Say, kid, if you want ter see fightin' you oughter seen the time I knocked out Bruiser Jim of K Troop. I give him a jab so, straight over—what the hell!" That soldado was the most surprised man on earth! When he illustrated his jab he drove his arm about a yard deep into the haystack an' right into one of Shorty's spurs. He grabbed an ankle an' hauled him out, Shorty sputterin' with rage, an' straw an' cuss words stickin' out all over him; another dove in an' yanked me out while the kid rook gave tongue an' raised the long yell for the Lieutenant. We were a sweet-lookin' couple, Shorty an' I, for besides the beauty acquired in our night ride, the heat of the haystack had made us perspire till the water was just rollin' off of us, an' we looked as if we had just come from a steam bath. But luck was with us for a wonder, for it appeared that the Captain wasn't with the troop an' the Lieutenant didn't know us by sight. They stood up an' tried to get information out of us, but not a bit would we cough up. Once I started to say somethin' to Shorty, an' began: "Say, Ca—" "Shut your fool mouth!" he roared, an' I sabel his game an' shut up. You see, we were both in blue shirt an' khaki trousers, an' absolutely no mark on either one of us to show our rank. It counted a good deal to capture a first sergeant an' proportionately more to bag a captain, so I passed as



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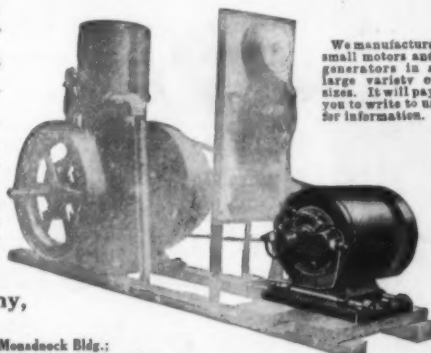
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30x3½	15.75	17.00	35x4½	34.00	36.05
32x3½	16.75	18.10	36x4½	35.00	37.10
33x4	23.55	25.25	37x5	41.95	44.45
34x4	24.35	26.05	38x5½	54.00	57.30

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a private, an' if it hadn't been for Shorty's puttees he might too, but, as it was, he made out he was only a second lieutenant, which was the least he could do. Our blue hat cords an' "Fifth Mass," which we had providentially swiped, puzzled 'em a good deal. They couldn't understand how make-believe doughboys could have hoofed it that far, an' none of them seemed to remember—if they ever had known—that the Fifth Massachusetts were Browns.

AS it was most three o'clock they thought they'd take us back to their camp with 'em (it was near by) an' keep us there while some one scouted an' caught an umpire to count us to their credit. Maybe the umpire could account for our bein' there, too. Under cover of the dust an' noise, Shorty gives me a dig in the ribs an' grunts:

"We got to get out somehow before the umpire comes. Got to get back our guidon from the Garryowens, too." Garryowen is the Seventh's regimental tune, you know, that they're so blame proud of.

"All right," I said, "I'll try," an' then we swung out into the road, an' it wasn't long before we made camp. They told off a corporal to guard us, an' it was just our blind luck again that he took us to the Captain's tent, to wait there for him. The guidons are kept there in camp, you know. We looked in an' saw our stolen property in the corner, an' while the men were unsaddlin' an' tendin' to their horses, a sergeant came up an' stuck J of the Seventh's guidon in the ground in front of the T. C.'s tent. Gee! Wasn't that a chance! If we could only make the getaway!

OUR guardian Corporal was a dopey lookin' Dutchman an' not noticin' us much, so Shorty managed to roll over my way an' whisper: "Privates don't count much. It won't hurt you to spend the night here. You make a break an' while they're chasin' you I'll get the guidons. Sabe?"

"Sure," I said. "I don't care. Good-by." An' with that I began to wiggle along on my stomach an' try to get as far away as I could before the guard looked my way. I hadn't gone twelve yards before the Dutchman saw me an' began to yell:

"Hey you! Come back once!" But instead of that I jumped up an' sprinted to the rear of the camp for all I was worth. Of course I knew he didn't have anything but blanks in his carbine or I mightn't have been so spry. He let another yell an' put out after me an' the whole troop behind him. I was in pretty good trainin' then an' I led 'em a chase. Once as I doubled I caught a movin' picture of Shorty rushin' out of the tent with the guidons an' soakin' in the jaw the First Sergeant—he was the only one had remembered that there were two prisoners. The Sergeant sidestepped an' the jab only grazed him an' made him totter a second. He made a grab at Shorty an' the guidons, but that minute some one in a blue shirt popped around the side of the tent an' got him in the jaw again—this time a good full soak. It was Whitehall all right. I could tell his spindly legs a mile away. The Sergeant went down all in a slump an' Shorty scooted for cover like a scared rabbit with the Kid at his heels. I began to get a little out of breath an' had to slow down a bit, so it was sooner than I liked that the bunch managed to surround me an' escort me back.

GOLLY, the Seventh were mad when they found their Top in a pipe dream an' Shorty gone with the guidons. Wanted to take it out on me, an' I'd have had a mighty rough time if the Lieutenant hadn't come out of his tent where he'd been changin' his clothes (that's why he couldn't run after Shorty), an' made 'em quit. Gee! It was special providence that lost us our hats; if they'd thought I belonged to J of the Eighteenth they'd have torn me to pieces, sure. They were madder than ever too when the umpire came to count me an' told 'em the Fifth Massachusetts were Browns same as they were an' I didn't count anything. I just stood there an' laughed till I nearly bust a tug. But the umpire stuck to what he said. "No more arguin' now, men," he says. "The only mark or insignia about him proclaims him a member of D Company, Fifth Massachusetts Infantry, and so he shall be rated. Therefore as his regiment are Browns you count nothing for this capture, which is no capture at all, but only a most stupid mistake."

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"But his shirt's blue," insists some one. "I don't care if it's pink with green trimmings," says the umpire officer. "This decision will have to stand." An' off he rode.

"May I stay here the night, sir?" I asked the Lieutenant. "It's a far hike to my camp an' I'm tired out."

"Stay," says he grinnin'. "Heaven knows how far your camp may be an' it must be hard for a doughboy to walk so far with spurs on!" Spurs! Oh Lord, what a give away! I hadn't thought of 'em till then, but evidently no one else had noticed 'em. But that Lieutenant was a winner. He had me mess with him an' promised me a horse to ride back on if I'd only tell him the rights of the game. As I was about twenty miles off my course an' had no mind to hoof it home I took him up an' told him the whole story. Gee! but he howled. Didn't seem to mind a bit that we'd got the guldons."

"You people deserved 'em. You certainly did," he said. He was a gentleman! We sat up half the night talkin'.

I got home about ten o'clock next mornin' an' there in front of Shorty's tent were the two guldons flyin'.

"How did you make out?" I asked him. "Oh, I got along all right," he said. "A Q. M. wagon came along an' gave me a lift—me an' Corporal Whitehall. We got back before dark."

"Corporal Whitehall? What?"

"It's no wonder you're surprised. By Golly, I almost fell down myself when I saw that kid pop out from behind the tent an' soak their Top. That's what he did. Think of the initiative of it! There that kid must have seen us sneak off somehow an' trailed us, not puttin' in appearance till the very instant his blow would have the most tellin' effect. I tell you, it's that way that victories are won!" Shorty got all worked up an' enthusiastic. "Rapidity, Activity, an' Surprise are the vital elements of the strategic offensive," says he, quoting Von der Goltz. "By golly! It would be a shame to waste that kid in an' orderly room. I'm goin' to put him where such initiative belongs."

Well, that's Shorty. He's like a rivet; has to be worked while he's hot. An' the Kid had struck the psychological moment. I never whispered who it was that gave him that wonderful initiative, but I certainly will give him credit for his trillin' work an' for holdin' off an' not jumpin' in with both feet when he saw us first captured. He had that much sense. Oh, he's smart all right, once you give him the line; an' wow! But he was happy over gettin' his stripes back.

"Lena'll never know I lost 'em," he says. "Brown's in hospital an' can't tell, an' we'll be hitched up an' he'll be out of business time he gets out again. Typhoid's a slow game, thank fortune. I'm the candy kid fer luck. Thanks to you an' Shorty, Sergeant."

World's-End

(Continued from page 18)

On Sunday afternoon Owen came with the brown cobs and took Phoebe for a long drive. She wore the corn-colored frock because he had said that it was lovely, and a white gauze hat with wreaths of little blue roses that Mary had given her.

"You look like the spirit of the day in that sunshiny gown and sky-colored hat," said Owen, smiling down at her. "But it seems to me that your expression is just a little too sober for your dress, dear. What is it, sweetheart? Doubts? Have you been counting my gray hairs when I wasn't looking?"

"You have hardly a gray hair! Your hair is beautiful!" cried Phoebe hotly, and then blushed as Owen broke into irrepressible laughter.

"I shall call you 'honey-pot,'" he said. "I'm not used to such sugared speeches."

"Well—it is beautiful," said Phoebe, taking refuge in obstinacy; then with a little touch of her old spirit: "People must have told you so before, Cousin Owen—I'm sure they must!"

"Yes, I'm a pretty fellow," said Owen, delighted with this outburst, and glad to tease her a little. "Hearths have been strewn with wreckage by my mere passing." Phoebe's face went crimson again.

"You're laughing at me," she said chokingly. "Oh, Cousin Owen, please, please don't laugh at me!"

In return he lent down, put his hand over hers, and, looking into her shy eyes, said smiling: "Phoebe, you must learn to call me Owen."

"I—I'm afraid I never can," she stammered, gazing into the gold-gray eyes so

IDEALISM AND COMMERCIALISM

This is the time of the year that we look for signs and venture our opinions about the future; and, in this connection, one of the most cheering things that has come to my notice is the recent action of the United Cigar Stores Co.

Here is a great business institution whose purpose it is to sell tobacco and make money, but the bigness and broadness of the men behind this great corporation and their enthusiastic faith in the future are shown by the sentiment expressed in the announcement which was called forth by the passage of the new Currency Bill.

This is a splendid spirit for business men to show; and the announcement, which appeared in newspapers all over the country at Christmas time, is truly worthy of reiteration.

It emphasizes the New Spirit in Commercialism as admirably expressed by Lehn & Fink, manufacturers of Pebecco Tooth Paste, in the introductory pages of their Dentist's Diary for 1914, "the book that breathes the New Spirit in Dentistry". The paragraph reads:

"There are many who still believe that idealism suffers considerably through too intimate association with commercialism, but progressive thinkers are agreed that the process is all in the other direction. Commercialism is inspired and ennobled through its intimacy with idealism."

The announcement of the United Cigar Stores Co. is a patriotic utterance and it is just this sort of spirit that some day will dominate every great corporation. It is bound to come simply because it is *Right* that it should come.

A. B. J. Hammesfahr.
Advertising Manager Collier's Weekly

Here is the announcement:

THE NEW CURRENCY LAW A FORERUNNER OF BETTER TIMES

WITH the passage by Congress of the Currency Bill we feel assured that the one obstacle standing between this country and a period of prosperous business has been removed.

Expansion will no longer be held in the iron bands of a restrictive monetary system, as out of date as the feudal laws of the Middle Ages.

Our currency will have an elasticity heretofore unknown in the United States, and in most desirable conformity with the practices of sister nations, who long ago pointed the way to financial progress.

It will take time, of course, to install and start the machinery of the new law.

It is not a magic wand. The good of it will not be apparent to-morrow, or next week, but in due time the good of it will become generally apparent.

IN the meantime we confidently believe the new law will deliver the business of the country from many of its most serious perils.

It promises eventually to bring about a real distribution of the nation's wealth.

It will stop its concentration.

The legitimate requirements of the borrower will, under this law, have a recognition to which he is fairly entitled.

WHEN the new monetary system gets fairly into swing there will be more work for everybody because there will be more wages to pay out.

More smoke will go up the factory chimneys.

Business will be livelier in the stores and there will be bigger pay rolls in the shops.

Farmers will have more to do because the products of the soil will be in livelier demand.

Everybody ought to get a piece of the coming prosperity, for prosperity is a natural condition in the United States.

Adjustment of the resources of the country to the larger possibilities of business will be made easier, safer, wider by the enactment of the new law.

PROPERLY administered the new currency system will do much to ward off disturbances of national business confidence and panics should under this new system become effete.

In a country like ours, where the blessings of Nature abound as nowhere on earth, and where commercial, mercantile and financial genius holds so high a place, only a cataclysm destructive of the fundamental elements of national success should ever lead to hard times.

Conditions being normal, or approximately so, in respect to the productiveness of the soil, we need only an adequate and practical monetary system to carry us over the rough places.

THIS, according to our view, is the fair promise of the new Currency Bill.

Its underlying and vital principles have had the patriotic acquiescence of statesmen and financiers of all parties and all shades of opinion.

Differences, however vigorously pressed, have been technical.

The new Currency Law, therefore, will go into effect, so far as its general terms are concerned, in as high favor with the people at large as did the Declaration of Independence one hundred and thirty-seven years ago.

The Currency Bill will benefit all of us.

THE United Cigar Stores Company says "all of us" because we believe that no business in this country touches elbows with a larger or more diversified constituency of people.

We wait on practically a million customers a day in hundreds of stores located in one hundred and eighty-two cities—all of them earners of their livings—the ultimate consumers, whose well or ill being represents as fairly as any other body of people can the state of the Nation.

It is because our interests and theirs are mutual that this appeal for confidence in what has been done in Washington is hopefully addressed to them at this the most glad time of the year.

Let us accept the new Currency Bill as a Christmas gift of universal import and application and resolve to take it in the spirit in which it comes.

This announcement appears to-day in the leading newspapers of the principal cities of the United States.

UNITED CIGAR STORES CO.

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near her, and noticing, despite her confusion, that there were little flecks of brown and green near their pupils. "It sounds so—so—"

"Disrespectful?" teased Owen.

"You're unkind!" flashed Phoebe passionately, and sudden tears made his face seem blurred to her. Owen felt remorseful. He had only meant to laugh her into being a little more at ease with him. Poor child! She was just one quiver of sore nerves.

"I wouldn't be unkind to you for anything in the world, little heart," he said gently. "Just feel in my pocket—I need both hands for these monkeys by this bank—and see what you'll find there. That will show you better than words where I place kindness in the scheme of things." Phoebe hesitated, then he felt her slight fingers fluttering like a bird in his pocket. She drew out a little blue velvet box, and her color changed.

"Open it, dear," he said, and she pressed the spring. Her wedding ring lay there before her. She sat staring at it, her lips parted. "Read what's inside, Phoebe," he said again. She looked in the narrow circle and read the words: "Phoebe—Owen, July 8, 1912. Kindliness."

"You see," he said, watching her face, over which the quick emotions chased each other like shadows over a field of blown wheat. "I've chosen 'Kindliness' as the motto of our life together, dear Phoebe. So you may always be sure, whatever happens, that I never mean to be unkind." Suddenly she stooped and pressed her lips to his hand, so wholly occupied with the fractious Jinks and Jinko. "You're like God to me!" she said in response to his embarrassed remonstrance, and hid her face against his sleeve.

AT first Mary had thought of spending the night before her marriage with Phoebe at Nelson's Gift, but she decided, after talking it over with Owen, to leave the child quite alone with her father on that eve, and to go over with him before breakfast in the morning. The wedding was to take place very early, in order to allow them to catch the noon train at Crewe. And Phoebe, as dearly as she loved Mary, was glad to be alone, for being with her father seemed almost like being alone—so far, so mercifully far, was he from all real knowledge of the conflicting passions in her heart.

And all that long night Phoebe dreamed that her mother came flitting softly near, and that her eyes, at first so lovingly happy, would change and grow piteous, as some dark power whispered the dreadful truth to her. Only toward morning did she fall into a quiet sleep, and from this she was waked by the blithe voice of Aunt Patty, saying: "Git up, git up, I'll bride! Debridgroom's a-waitin' fuh you, an' Miss Mary's a-dressin' de bridal altrum!"

When the old negress had gone, Phoebe slipped from her bed upon her knees and prayed passionately for the first time since disaster had overtaken her. In that childish and piteously human inconsistency of hers she prayed that, whatever she might suffer, whatever punishment might fall upon her, whatever life held for her of darkness and of bitterness, never, never through her should sorrow come upon Owen.

"Oh, God," ran the childish wording of her prayer, "Thou knowest that I love him and adore him more than I do Thee; but, oh, kind God, only punish me for that—keep him safe from my sins!"

THE day was again lovely, but promised rain toward evening. The whole green world seemed but the playground for joyous shadows. In Phoebe's garden the roses fluttered in the wind like white birds trying to escape and join in the blithe game of sun and air. Mary ruthlessly snipped off great masses of them to decorate the old octagonal hall where the wedding ceremony was to take place. She had brought with her a heavily embroidered shawl of white Canton crape that Owen's grandmother had worn on her wedding journey; there was no railway smoke to defile such things in those days, and the pure white folds made a lovely covering for the little table that Mary had set as an altar, with silver candlesticks and heaps of Banksia and

Damask roses. Box and ivy she trailed over the old green paneled walls. The place looked like the Bower of Seven Delights when she had finished.

Then she went up to help Phoebe adjust the white chiffon gown on which were several dozens of little hooks and loops to fasten. The girl began trembling from the time the gown went over her head until the last hook was in place. And even when this was done the trembling continued. Mary whipped out a bottle of aromatic ammonia from her bag. She put a teaspoonful in half a glass of water and approached Phoebe.

"You will take this," she said firmly, holding the cloudy mixture to her lips. The girl obeyed docilely, and by and by the trembling ceased.

BEHIND the altar, improvised by Mary, the Rev. Henry Nelson, a kinsman, a tall, handsome man of sixty, was standing quietly, his hands crossed over his white stole. Everything was very still. An oriole began its liquid fluting in the syringa near the door, and somewhere the trilling note of a tree frog told of coming rain. Owen stared at the roses on the altar and the candle flames—darkly saffron in the daylight with pale-blue centers, bowing softly this way and that in the mild summer air. He noticed also how a little green beetle, climbing awkwardly over one of the roses, made it sway and nod. Then a stir among the others and the tilt of their faces upward made him know that Phoebe was coming down the stairs. His heart began to pound painfully. He felt that the blood had left his face; his lips were cold against each other. He, too, looked up. Yes, there, with Mary's arm about her, she was coming down toward him.

Mary had set a chaplet of white roses on her hair, and fastened a sash of silver gauze under her bosom. From her girdle to her little feet in their silver shoes (a pair of Mary's) the soft, thin stuff hung in unbroken folds. Ophelia, on her way with flowers to be the bride of death, could not have looked more white and sweetly wild and virginal. A Delphian trance of awed inspiration and bated fear shone from the great bright eyes, fixed on emptiness. Her very lips—the lips that Sally had thought too red for a young girl, were "white as her smock."

Mary brought her to her father, who in turn took her icy little hand and led her to Owen's side. There he left her, stepping back again to Mary, his old face working childishly with emotion.

Owen looked down at the slight form, so virginal yet that was not a virgin's, and his very bones seemed melting with compassion and vain tenderness. He longed to take her hand and hold it fast in his. But she did not see his yearning look; her eyes were fixed before her, wild and bright in her face as of a rapt snow maiden. The Rev. Henry had a beautiful, sonorous voice. His Virginian accent, broad and homely, gave it a sort of affectionate intimacy, as though the two standing before him were peculiarly under his protection. At last Owen slipped the ring, engraved with "Kindliness," upon her finger, and said after the rector the words: "With this ring I thee wed, and with all my worldly goods I thee endow. In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen." Then came the prayer "Our Father" and the great appeal, beginning "O Eternal God, Creator and Preserver of all Mankind, Giver of all spiritual grace"; the solemn injunction: "Those whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder"; the pronouncement of Phoebe and Owen as man and wife; the final blessing: "God the Father, God the Son, God the Holy Ghost, bless, preserve, and keep you; the Lord mercifully with His favor look upon you and fill you with all spiritual benediction and grace; that ye may so live together in this life, that in the world to come ye may have life everlasting."

Then came silence, profound and hushed. The oriole began to sing. The next five minutes was a confused tumult of good-bys, then Phoebe was in the dogcart with Owen, who was himself to drive to Crewe. The cobs sped, sneezing with animal spirits, over the road to Crewe.

(To be continued next week)

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IN A BIG WAY
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Do you know how often storage batteries are used when an absolutely reliable and efficient form of electrical energy must be secured? Here are some facts that will interest you.

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Unless you are a trained engineer, you cannot safely judge of the quality of a storage battery. Your best protection is to select a battery that has been approved by large battery users—those who are experts.

If therefore you own or intend to own an "Electric" don't you think you should know all about the four "Exide" Batteries that have been specially designed for electric vehicle service?

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1888 PHILADELPHIA 1914
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Los Angeles San Francisco Seattle Portland, Ore. Toronto
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When Kellogg’s Toasted Corn Flakes is in the basket, every youngster does his best to lead the grocer to *his* house. Give your children plenty of piping-hot KELLOGG’S these brisk Winter days. A minute or two in your oven makes these famous flakes as crisp as when they left ours.

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Biscuit?

A new product—Kellogg’s Biscuit of whole wheat—having the real Kellogg flavor. Compact, toasted through and through, practically free from moisture and crisp and brown inside and out. Highly nourishing. Your grocer now has it.



W.K. Kellogg

To prevent disappointment, don’t merely ask your grocer for toasted corn flakes or whole-wheat biscuit—say “KELLOGG’S, please.”

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